ERMINIA,

OR THE

Chaſte Lady;

A

Trage-Comædy:

By *R. F.* Eſq;

LONDON,
Printed for WILLIAM CROOK at
the Three Bibles on *Fleet-Bridge*.
1665.

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Courteous Reader,

These Books following are printed for, and are to be sold by William Crook *at the Three Bibles on* Fleet-bridge, 1664. *Where you may have all sorts of Books besides.*

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Enigmatical Characters, exactly drawn to the life. By *R. F.* Esq;

To the Fair and Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Southcot.*

Madam,

I *Profeſs to all the world, that* Erminia *is more yours then mine. From you I took the pattern of the Plot; from you the ſpirit of writing it; nor am I ever more Poet, then when I am with you at* Meſtham. *There, free from the Diſtractions of the Town, my minde is recollected: there, 'tis at Repoſe, free from trouble and moleſtation: and there 'tis chear'd and delighted, with chearful and delightſom company. Your green Walks*

are my Parnassus; the Spring or Fountain-head, my Helicon: Nor could all the Muses together, more inspire me, then you alone.

I am most glad then, that amongst my other Heroick Portraits, I made not yours before, that I might do it in a more particular manner now, in that of the Fair and Vertuous Erminia: *And more particularly declare, how much I honour you; and how much I am,*

Madam,

Your most devoted Servant,

Rich. Flecknoe.

The names of the Persons,	*The Actors names.*
THe Duke of *Missena,*	*T. Bird, Cartwright.*
The Prince his Son,	*C. Hart.*
Cleander his General,	*M. Moon.*
Amyster his friend,	*Burt.*
Anthenor, *Leontius* Courtiers of *Missena* & *Argos*	*R. Shatterel. Winterton.*
Dimagoras a Souldier.	
Clinias, *Cleobulo*, Two of *Cleanders* slaves.	*Wat. Clun. Lacy.*
Aurindo, alias *Cyrena*, Princess of *Argos*,	*Mrs. Win. Marshal.*
The Duchess,	*Mrs. Marg. Rutter.*
Erminia, *Cleanders* Lady,	*Mrs. Weaver.*
Althea her woman,	*Mrs. Michel.*
Cleora, *Olinda*, The Duchesses women.	
Servant, Guards, &c.	

The Scene. *Missena* in *Greece.*

The Habits, the ancient Military Attire, for the more Heroick parts: for the rest, the Toga, *or Civil Vest, wide sleev'd, and loosely flowing to the knees, silver'd Buskins, &c. far more graceful and becoming then* Querpo, *especially for* Cyrena *represented in mans Attire.*

The

The Prologue for the Stage.

YOu'd have new Playes, & when you have them,
Do by them, as Children by their Trifles do,
Slight and dislike them, and then cry for more,
And use them just as you did those before:
And this you think fine sport now, so'do'nt they,
(I tell ye Gentlemen) who make the Play.
Notwithstanding, our Author gives you one
this once, and comes with resolution,
To try whether or no, t' be a Disease
That reigns amongst you, no new Playes can please.
And if he finde it so, he bid me say,
All th' harm they'l do him who condemn his Play;
They'l bring him off oth' Stage, into the Pit,
To judge with them, of others Playes and wit.

Additions for the Court.

To others this. But to Your Majesty,
Our Author here with all humility,
Offers his Labours: chiefly he' underwent,
Most Royall Sir, for Your Divertisement.
Counting it highest Happiness can befall,
To delight Him, who's the Delight of all.

ERMINIA.

ERMINIA.

ACTUS, 1. SCENA, 1.

Anthenor, Leontius. {*The Scene the front of* Erminia's *Palace.*

Anth.

NOble *Leontius*, {*Miſſena.*
once more y'are kindely welcome to
The many civilities and curteſies
I receiv'd from you at *Argas*, obliges me
to all the fair offices and ſervices
I can do you here.

Leon. Gentle *Anthenor*, all
I cod do to oblige a perſon of your worth,
was abundantly rewarded in the doing it,
and if you'd oblige me ſpeak no more of it:
let's talk of ſomewhat elſe. — We hear *Cleander*
your noble General in the *Attique* War,
with victory leading him,
and fortune following him,
goes on like lightning conſuming all before him,

and 'tis much wondred that imployment was not rather conferr'd upon the Prince, who wants nor years, nor experience in the wars, to make him fit for action; but neceſſity of ſtate (it ſeems) requir'd an older, and more experienc't Souldier.

Anth. Betwixt you and I
I'le tell you, thoſe who not onely look upon
the outſide of Princes actions,
but boldly pry into their inſides too,
ſay, t'was not ſo much neceſſity of ſtate
that ſent the brave *Cleander* to the wars,
as more to facilitate the Dukes acceſs
unto his Lady the admir'd *Erminia* ——
But how do's your fair Princeſs *Cyrena*? that we may freely talk of; t'was our hope the Prince at's being at *Argos* ſhud have married her, but the deſtinies of marriage were not pleas'd it ſeeems to make us ſo happy.

Leon. It was our hopes too,
and we indeed wondred as much as you
he ſhud ſo ſuddenly leave her, but much more, ſhe ſhud ſo ſuddenly after leave her countrey,
ſince when none knows, nor can imagine, what's become of her.

Anth. You amaze me with your news!

Leon. Mean time whilſt others ſeveral wayes addreſs themſelves in ſearch of her,
I'm come to *Miſſena* here,

well

well knowing their former loves
and the attraction of mutual hearts,
when once th'ar toucht with the adamant of love

Ant. Alas, I fear you'l hardly finde ſo much
as her memory with him now, who onely mindes
the fair *Erminia*, about whoſe palace
reſtleſly day and night like ſome pale ghoſt
he wanders, carefully ſeeking opportunity
of ſeeing her, whilſt ſhe as carefully
avoids his ſight.

Leon. This then made him it ſeems
with ſo little difficulty quit his place
abroad to *Cleander*, in hope to enjoy
his place at home. — And now I ſee among
the many poſſibility of things,
ne'r were, nor are, nor e're are like to be;
we well may reckon Lovers conſtancy.

SCENA. 2.

Aurindo muſing. *Leontius*, *Anthenor*.

But what Youth's this, ſo fair and lovely, as
curious Nature doubtful which ſex to make,
at laſt, ith' framing him ſeems to have made
one, who of either all perfections had.

Ant. Oh! 'tis *Aurindo* the Princes page,
much lov'd and favour'd by him, but much more
by the Dutcheſs, who to avoid the Dukes jealouſie

preferr'd him to the Prince.

Leo. He muſes on ſomewhat, and
there is a ſolemn ſadneſs in his face,
excellently becomes him.

Ant. He is alwayes ſad and muſing,
what ere's the matter:
but I muſt leave you, and beſeech you
whilſt you make your reſidence here,
I may have honour to ſerve you. *Exit.*

Leo. You too much honour your ſervant, Sir.

Au. Now I perceive 'tis not the change of place
but change of minde, brings lovers reſt, elſe 'tis
but juſt like ſickmens turning them in their beds,
who finde reſt no where, 'cauſe they carry ſtill
their ſickneſſes and unreſt along with them.

Leo. Sure I ſhud know that face.

Aur. Leontius! I
muſt hide me from him, and avoid his ſight
as I'd avoid my fears.

Leo. 'Tis ſhe I know
for certain now by her care not to be known:—
Hark you fair Youth, a word with you I pray.

Au. With me Sir! pardon me, I know you not.

Le. It rather befits me ask your pardon
for knowing you. But fear not, I ſhall call
you *Aurindo* ſtill, or whatſoever name
in publick you pleaſe to be known by, ſo
you'l give me leave in private
to know you for my Princeſs.

Aur.

Aur. Leontius though you might well perceive
I desir'd not to be known, and therefore t'was
a bold curiosity; yet since I'm well assur'd
you did it with no undutiful intent,
I pardon you. But I command you let
this secret pass no further, neither enquire
the reason of my disguise. Whilst I am here
(which I hope shall not be long) in private you
may know me; but in publick I charge you take
no notice of me, neither be seen with me
lest you discover me; for your court eyes
are piercing ones, and there are many spies,—
and hark I hear some coming, go, begon
and leave me. *Exit Leontius.*

SCENA, 3.

Althea, Aurindo.

What is't onely she! this is
Althea Erminia's woman, who I know
not for what sins of mine, unless for loving
too much, is fearfully in love with me;
deliver me from her, for love in aged veins,
as fire in dry timber, burns always most terribly.
I'd fain avoid her, she persecutes me worse
then frosts do flowers, they blast, or Ivy, trees,
they kill, with their embraces!

Alt. Gentle *Aurindo!*

happily met, 'tis so long since I saw you last
I might well expect the courtesie of a salute
from you.

Aur. Oh — I were discourteous else:
good *Althea* I'm glad to see you well.

Alt. What no more! and that so coldly too.

Aur. What wod you have?
I know no other salutes.

Alt. You are not so ignorant as you'd seem,
I'm sure, to know no better what salutes
belongs to a Gentlewoman.

Aur. You would not have me make
you a curtsy wod you? that's your womans salute,
for mens I know no other.

Alt. Pitty his ignorance;
I'le teach you if you know not; fie, where
have you been bred I wonder!
y'are so bashful! I must imbolden you:
this bashfulness in you,
shews worse then impudence in woman;
how nice and coy he is? t'will cost
me more pains and labour I fear to train him up
to womens businesses, then to break
a wilde unruly Colt unto the mannage:
come, come, pray sit down.

Au. Pardon me, I'm in haste and cannot stay.

Al. Always in haste! but tarry a little and Ile
tell you all my Ladies secrets.

Au. I'm not curious.

Al.

Alt. Look you what's here — nor liquorish neither? (ther?
h'as nothing of the Page in him.

Aur. Pray let me go,
you have not seen my Lord the Prince?

Alt. Yes but
I have though.

Aur. And where I pray?

Alt. Where you'r not like
to see him, let that suffice.

Aur. Nay, if you can tell me
no more news of him, I must go seek out those
that can, and so farewell. *Exit.*

Alt. Gone? well,
I pitty him he's such a backward thing, (side;
and pitty the Prince who's as forward on tother
and one of these sighing lovers who sigh & sigh
like dry pumps, or broken-winded bellows,
for their Mistresses;
and to hear them, you would never wonder
at *Lapland* witches selling winds so cheap,
and imbrakt (as he is) in my Lady love;
I've sold him as much as comes to a little hope,
send him a good voyage of it ——
but see my Lady, pray heaven
my plot take, I've venter'd hard
to give the Prince entrance, and opportunity
to speak with her.

SCENA, 4. {The Scence, the Palace within.

Erminia, Althea.

Er. *Althea* are all the doors shut?

Al. They are Madam.

Er. And have you given order they let none (enter?

Al. I have.

Er. 'Tis well.

So should wives live, honourable wives, solitary & retir'd when their husbands are away, always apprehending what will the people say; for 'tis not now with women as t'was ith' dayes of Innocence, when none imagin'd harm, 'cause none did any; but now if we admit mens visits, they presently speak ill of it; if women ill too, ill of every thing: &though publick rumor be but a breath 'tis true, yet fame and honour is so pure a thing, as like christal mirrors 'tis blemisht with every breath, and more pure, more subject to blemishing.

Al. The more's the pitty.

Er. Then if they stir abroad, the world's so foul and durty, how nicely one must go, and step by step pick out their way not to defile their Ermine purity?

Al. Lo there? and I go dash, dash, thorow thick and thin.

that's

that's my way now. (tread,

Er. Besides, how softly and warily must they not to awaken rumour and calumny, which once fastning on our fames and honours, oh how they tear them with their poisonous teeth?

Al. What a terrible bandog do's she make of it which other Ladies play with, as familiarly as with their little Shocks or *Bononia* Dogs?

Er. In fine, this fame's a hard lesson, and one must study it well.

Al. Faith 'tis so hard as I despair *Aside.* ever to learn it. I must put her out of this study, or she's a lost woman. And why this retirement and solitude, Madam? most wives have never better dayes, then in absence of their husbands. What's a husband but a man? and there are men enough in the world besides.

Er. Is the wench mad?

Al. No, but we shud think that woman so shud pine away, and starve her self in her husbands absence, & this is just your case: uds bodykins before I'd torment my self so for want of a husband, I'd have twenty so I would.

Er. Peace *Althea*, peace for shame, and cease thy idle talk.

Al. Pardon me, Madam, I am left in charge

of

of your health, and must speak.

Er. Speak modestly then,
for I am left in charge of my honour too,
and must do that; it obliges me to do:
nor shall *Cleander* purchase more honor abroad,
then *Erminia* shall at home.

Al. That man never gets honour (nor woman
that's never tried: what made *Penelope* (neither)
so famous (I pray) in her husbands absence, but
her entertaining so many Gallants as she did?
there was a valiant woman now. Let them come
as many as they wod, she fear'd them not,
she knew she cod deal with them all.
And you to lock up your self
(a this manner) for fear of them! there's wise
valour indeed!

Er. As though there were not as much
valour, in Passive Fortitude, and holding out
a siege, against the enemy, as in the Active one,
of fighting them in the field. The one is
Cleander's honour, the other shall be mine.
In either we'l declare our selves invincible.

Al. I grant you a mans honour
chiefly consists in fighting,
and a womans in defending her chastity;
but there's discretion in all things;
a man may fight and fight,
and yet be counted a quarrelsom
Coxcomb for his pains:

and

and a woman proud and peeviſh,
in defending her chaſtity:
give me a fair condition'd man or woman
'long as you live;&one,that underſtands reaſon.
I cannot blame young maids
to have always for burthen of their ſong,
a *husband*, a *husband*, for they never tryed,
and therefore may long perhaps;
but for married wives
to be alwayes in that tone, and crying out
for their husbands,
like fools and children for their baubles,
ſhews a kinde of incontinence,
and inſatiate deſire in them.
Er. Cleander was my firſt love,& ſhall be the laſt
and onely one I'le ever have.
Al. That ſhews
your ignorance now; for as that man ſhud never
be a great ſcholar who never red but in onebook,
ſo ſhud ſhe never be a wiſe woman, who
never knew but one man. Variety
is good in every thing; and uſe in that,
as in all things elſe makes perfectneſs.
Er. Well *Althea*,
I know you ſay this by way of argument now,
and onely to try your wit; but take heed,
'tis dangerous diſputing againſt known verities;
" and Atheiſme in Religion,
" Rebellion in States, and diſſolution

" in

" in life and manners, had all their rise at first
" from knowing the best, and arguing for the worst.

Al. Well then, since you will needs be so far out of fashion of other wives,
to remember your husband in's absence;
how can you better do't then by recommending him in your Orasons to the Gods?
and my Lord *Cleander* being now expos'd
to the dangerous chance of war, towhom can you better recommend him, then to the God of war?

Er. Now thou advisest well.

{ Mars's *Statue discovered,*
{ Erminia *kneels.*

Great *Mars*, thou whose potent Arm do's weild
The deadly pointed Lance, and mighty Shield,
Fight for my dear *Cleander* with the one,
And with the other, O defend him from
His enemies abroad, and grant that he
May safely but return with victory:
So shall I ever honour thee, ever pay
My vows unto thee; and on thy Altars lay
The purest offrings the world e're cod get,
Or e're were laid upon thy Altars yet.
Hear me great *Mars*.

Scena, 5.

The Prince in form of Mars's *Statue,*
Erminia, Althea.

Pr. I do.
Er. Prodigious! the Statue ſpeaks!
Pr. 'Tis you, faireſt, have animated it.
Al. A good beginning, if it hold on as well.
Er. Cold horror ſeizes me! and I'm become
by wondrous metamorphoſe,
of living, a dead ſtatue,
as that of dead's become a living one.—
And ſee it moves too! } *deſcends from his baſe.*
Pr. 'Tis your beauty, faireſt,
has given me life and motion;
and if in the cold veins
of frozen marble t'has the vertuous force
to inſpire and infuſe ſuch ſpirit and vital heat,
imagine in my boſom
what it muſt needs beget. } *diſcovers himſelf*
Er. Ha! my Lord the Prince!
Pr. The Prince your ſervant, deareſt,
for you metamorphos'd into ſtatue thus,
for you, thus chang'd into my ſelf again.
Al. Stay Madam, whither go you?
he will not hurt you.
Er. Gods and my better Angels defend me!
how

how came you here?

Pr. Your powerfull charmes, ſweeteſt, did bring me hither.

Al. That's well anſwer'd, I was afraid he would have ſaid t'was I *Aſide.*

Er. And what wod you here?

Pr. Onely that you would pleaſe to hear me ſpeak.

Er. Though I might well deny you, coming as you do, yet on condition you ſpeak nothing but what is honourable, nothing but what befits both you to ſay, and me to hear, I am content.

Al. Shame on this Honour, I'm afear'd he'l hardly ſpeed. *Exit.*

Pr. What can be more honorable? or how can I honour you more? then to come here with no leſs devotion, then to the Temple of the Immortal Gods, to offer my vows and oraſons at your ſhrine.

Er. That's an Idolatry I cannot admit without a crime, an honour too too great and too divine for me.

Pr. To com to that which is more humane then, I come to beg your help for one that's ſick, your pitty for a miſerable wretch, burns, languiſhes, and conſumes away, for love of you.

Er. Nay, if you talk

of

of love once, I'm gone.

Pr. And if you go I dye: ——
of what ſhud I talk but of love to you? who are
all lovely? Cruel as you are, can ye
behold my ſufferings and never pitty me!
ſhud Heaven be ſo pittileſs,
alwayes to look upon the Earth with cruel
Canicular eyes, we ſoon ſhud ſee
all burn, languiſh, and conſume like me.

Er. You call me cruel, and you your ſelf
are far more cruel to your ſelf then I;
for what remedy for one, will needs be ſick?
or what means to quench their fires will needs
Nero-like, be their own incendaries?
But now, to let you ſee
I'm not ſo pittileſs as you imagine me,
If't be my ſight occaſions your malady,
and inflames you ſo, I'le inſtantly be gon
and leave you.

Pr. Ah do not, do not go;
that were a remedy worſe then the diſeaſe.
Think not, think not excellents of your ſex
to quench the fire y'ave kindled in my breaſt
by taking away the Torch that kindled it;
that were to mock my flame and me. No, no,
your Eyes have double vertue,
to wound and cure me too.

Er. 'Tis vice not vertue to kindle unlawful fires.
Know Sir, I am anothers: and as t'were crime

in

in me to give away what's none of mine,
so 'tis no less in you
to covet what's none of yours.

Pr. 'Tis crime in *Cleander* rather
to appropriate to himself an universal good,
and injustice in you to consent unto
th' impoverishing the world
to enrich *Cleander*'s bed.

Er. And you would steal me from him.
Is this noble? this Prince-like? do you not see
one may as wel bereave you of your principality.

Pr. I may taste the fruit
and yet not be proprietary of the Tree.

Er. Without theft you cannot,
unless the owner will;
and I'm so absolutely *Cleanders*, he cannot
alienate me though he wod,
nor relinquish his right of me. } *Enter* Althea *hastily.*

Al. O Madam, Madam!

Er. Ha! what's the matter?

Al. My Lord the Duke.

Er. What shall we do then?
My Lord, you see
what dishonour y'are like to bring
upon my house and me, if you be seen here.

Al. To your disguize my Lord;
be a statue agen, and all will be well:
nay quickly, quickly, so.

SCENA,

SCENA, 6.

The Duke, Erminia, Althea, the Prince.

Duk. What's here? silence;
where Fame's loudest tongue
proclaims all Excellency? and solitude,
where she is, who with fames of her excellence
fills all the world? leave, leave this sadnes Madam:
I come to bring you joyful news. *Cleander*
your noble husband has finished the wars,
and onely attends dispatch of a few affairs,
to return and bring us peace, and you the joy
and happiness of seeing him.

Er. Your Highness too much honours
your humblest servant, to be messenger
of this your self. Propitious heaven has heard
my prayers for the publique safety then I see,
if *Cleander* but return with victory.

Duke. And I hope
You'l have some care of my private safety too,
fair cruel Mistress, and not suffer me
to perish here at home, whilst *Cleander* so nobly
abroad, preserves us all from perishing.

Er. Can you remember that my Lord, and be
so unjust and ungrateful to him,
to seek to dishonour him,
who honours you so much;

and tempt me to so vilde ingratitude?
D. Dishonor is but the blasting of publick breath
let us be private onely in what we do,
and there's no fear of that.
Er. Whilst there is heaven
and conscience, there' no privacy for sin.
Du. there is no greater sin then uncharitableness
and want of love, and of that y'are highly guilty
Erminia. Think on't, and though it be
Empire to be beautiful; yet Majesty
and Beauty share Empire equally betwixt them,
and remember I'm your Prince.
Er. I do my Lord,
and wod your Highness did but remember't too,
and the mighty obligation Princes have
to be good & vertuous; who are to give example
of goodness, and vertue unto all.
Princes are publick fountains, from whose maners
all others are deriv'd; & if they be infected once,
a general infection necessarily follows: —
and is this the example you give the Prince your
Sonne?
Duk. Pho! he sees it not, and hears not of it.
Er. But statues, have ears, and eyes.
Pr. Will she discover me?
Alr. What will become of this?
I must finde out some means to send him hence, it c
or he'l mar all. Exit.
Duke. Come, now we are alone, Cle
I

I must tell you, modesty's a habit
Ladies wear in publick, & it becomes them well:
but in private they alwayes lay't aside,
& so shud you. And if you'd know the difference
'twixt the modest and immodest, 'tis onely this;
t'one puts off their modesties with their clothes,
t'other before, that's all.

Er. I'le tell you my Lord another difference yet,
the modest stop their ears
'gainst such immodest purposes as these,
and can't endure to be where they are spoke.

Duke. Stay, you will not leave me, I hope.

Er. I hope you will not force me?
shud you offer it,
the very statues here (I'm sure) wod stand up
in my defence. {*The statue moves.*

Duke. Ha!

Er. And see the God of War,
in just resentment of the injury
you offer to the best of Warriors,
begins to stir in it. {*Enter* Althea *hastily again.*

Alt. Oh, Madam, Madam!

Er. What news!

Alt. My Lords' return'd.

Er. Is't possible?

Du. How! without my privity, and unknown (to me?
it cannot be.

Er. Beseech you my Lord be gon.
Cleander loves me more then his life I know,

but his honour more then me. Imagine then what ſtorms and tempeſts the clouds of jealouſie to ſee you here muſt raiſe in his noble minde.

Du. I'm ſo confounded I know not what to ſay, nor what to do. *Exit.*

Alt. So, let him go to's Ducheſs to cure his love-ſick fever; ſhe's yong & handſom and having ſo good remedy at home, what needs he ſeek abroad? But for the Prince, the poor Prince, who's wholly unprovided, in truth t'were charity to help him.

Er. Well remember'd help, help him away before my Lord comes, by any means.

Alt. There's no fear of that: his coming was onely a ſtory feign'd by me to ſend the Duke away.

Er. Nothing elſe?

Pr. Excellent Wench, then I may be my ſelf again. *Leaps down. A noiſe of fighting within.*

Er. Hark, what noiſe is this! claſhing of weapons? louder and louder ſtill? there is ſome fighting. *Althea* ſhut the doors and call up all our ſervants. *Exit.*

Alt. What? hoa, *Clinias*, *Cleobulo*. *Exit.*

Pr. What ſhud this be? the noiſe comes from the Garden door where I commanded my followers to attend me, and let none enter, but make good that paſſage till

till my return. I'le out and ſee what 'tis.

Drawes, and Exit.

SCENA, 7.

Enter one running meeting Clinias, Cleobulo.

1. O *Clinias*! run, run.

Clin. VVhat to do?

1. No matter for that: run, run I ſay.

Clin. But whither?

1. More interrogations!
no matter for that neither; run, run,
as you will anſwer it. *Exit.*

Clin. Hurry, hurry, hurry,
theſe fellows think no buſineſs can be done
without noiſe and buſtle; and I muſt
make a noiſe and buſtle too,
They'l think I'm idle elſe. Whoo, whoo, whoo.

Enter Cleobulo with hands in his Pocket.

Clin. Come come what haſte you make now?
and all the houſe is in an uproar.

Cle. Therefore I make no more haſte,
I do not love theſe uproars and hurly-burlies, I;
but what's the matter can you tell?

Clin. Nay hang me if I know,
or much care either;
onely if't be any fighting matter,

fight who's list for me, I have no minde unto't.

Cle. Faith nor I neither;
wherefore and't sayst the word,
let's to the cellar, for that's a Sanctuary;
& for reverence of god *Bacchus* I hope they will respect it accordingly.

Cli. Content, but let's make haste then,
for I hear some coming.

SCENA 8.

The Scene, Erminia's Garden-wall, terminated by the prospect of her Pallace.

Cleander, Amynter, with their Swords drawn, taking off their false Beards.

Am. That sure was the Duke who first went (hence,
but who those other were, denyed us passage;
or he who last came out disguis'd, and so
fiercely assaulted us, I do not know.

Cle. But I had known, or search't his heart for it,
had they not rescued him.—
and is this the so renown'd *Ermenia?*
for solitude, in my absence! she sate
like solitary Turtle in absence of its mate?
no Anchoress more inclos'd,
no Recluse more retir'd!
to whom there's more resort,

then

then ever was to *Corinth* in ancient time,
when *Thais* and *Phrine*, were in their prime,
those famous prostitutes, prostituting her Fame
and honour, if not her self.——
Thanks to my disguize for this discovery,
in which I thought to have ta'n her by surprize
to our greater joy; but now to my greater grief
I'm more surpriz'd my self.

Am. Indeed 'tis passing strange.

Cle. But from the witness of these eyes of mine
I might not have believ'd it. Why this is right
Courtesan like: *Brave's* dispos'd at door
to let in Customers, keep their pleasure free
and undisturb'd; the door's open to all,
onely debar'd to me, her Husband.

Am. Nay now
you go too far with your suspitions.

Cl. I'le go farther yet, none knows of my arrival
but onely you; you shall conceal me, and
present me to her as a present sent from me
in some disguise, may gain me not onely access
into the house, but into her bosome too.

Am. Had you not better discover you presently,
I do not like this seeking that we shud
be loath to finde, and hunting with our own
curiosities, but our own disquiets.

Cle. Our quiets rather,
for so knowing for certain
what now I but suspect, my mind will be at rest;

imagine elſe how miſerable I ſhud be,
to have the mariage bed poyſon'd with jealouſie,
and all its ſweets imbitter'd with the thought
that ſhe is falſe? no, I like not this gentle
handling wounds, which till th'are throughly
can never be throughly cur'd: (ſearcht,
I am reſoly'd to try. What e're may chance,
" of all evils the worſt is ignorance.

Am. Pray Heavens you find not jealouſie a
worſer yet,
for ignorance though't be a dull diſeaſe,
yet 'tis not painful; 'tis a Lethargy
of minde, benums us ſo, as though
w'are ſick, we know not how ſick we are:
but jealouſie like the Wolf, or Vipers brood
knaws and tears out their very bowels,
who breed it, and give it food.

Cle. 'Tis not to be jealous, but free from jea-
I undertake this tryal, and to (louſie
take my ſelf off the painful rack of doubt.

Am. They make themſelves more miſerable
then they were,
who fall from what they doubt to what they fear

C. Diſpute it no more, I am reſolv'd to try her;
and as I finde her faith and Loyalty,
away ſhe goes, or elſe my Jealouſie.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTUS

ACTUS, 2. SCENA, 1.

The Scene, a Garden.

Aurindo.

FIe on these men, let never woman trust
them more, for my sake, for they all are false,
as is this Prince, this most perfidious Prince,
and all glory in deceiving them, as he,
false as he is, glories in deceiving me.
What a lost thing am I?
without a name and being;
neither what I was, nor what I am,
Cyrena nor *Aurindo*: my very thoughts
are lost too ith' Labyrinth of my self
with thinking on it.— Here by this fountain side
I'le lay me down and try who'r I can sleep.
" if wearied slaves whose bodies are oppress
" with heavy burthens, would be glad to rest;
"much more wod lovers, whose minds bear about
" a heavier weight within, then they without.

SCENA, 2.

A Song, after which the Dutchess appears above in her Window, and spies Aurindo *sleeping.*

Duch. There there he sleeps, and there do's take his

his reſt, for whom I reſtleſly do wake;
Such was *Narciſſus*, onely this more wiſe,
not to behold himſelf in mirrour of
that liquid Chriſtal Fountain, ſhuts his eyes.
Sleep, ſleep fair youth, for ſo, I do not ſee
thoſe murdering eyes, that kil me with their ſight
yet wake, wake too, for whilſt you ſleep you take
from me the delight I have in ſeeing them,
and your repoſe is my tormenting; but that
which moſt of all torments me, is the ſtrife
betwixt deſire and ſhame to let him know
my love, like ſtruggling twins tearing the womb
that bears them:
nor do I know yet whether's the greater pain,
either to loſe my love, or loſe my ſhame, ——
I muſt finde out ſome way to ſecure both.
Aurindo, Aurindo.

Aur. Ha! who calls?

Duc. 'Tis I.

Au. The Dutcheſs! your pleaſure Madam?

Duc. Look
in that ſame Fountain, ſee if thou canſt finde
the portrait there of one I dearly love.

Au. I ſee nothing Madam.

Du. Thou canſt not be ſo blinde;
or as thou reſembleſt *Cupid* the god of Love
in all things elſe, thou art ambitious
perhaps to reſemble him in blindneſs too;
look look well, I ſee it hither to.

Au.

Au. I see nothing but my self.

Duc. And is that nothing Fool?
I must come down my self I see,
or thou wilt never finde it.

Au. Now
I know what portrait 'tis she means, but 'tis
not fit she know it, to save her shame;
from which if you but take away restraint
of modesty once, all other restraints are vain:
is there no end? no mean
of thy persetution love? but I must be
thus persecuted both actively and passively,
thy Quiver and Arrows both?

SCENA, 3.

The Dutchess Aurindo below.

Duc. Now have you found it yet?

Au. No Madam, yet I have sought and sought.

D. well, you may cease your search, no matter for the portrait, now the original is so nigh.

Au. Where is't? I see't not.

Du. No! run presently
to my apartment, fetch my mirrour here,
and I'le convince thee to thy face thou dost.

Au. How crafty and cunning she's,
to conceal her love, and to declare it too?

Duc. Yet you may stay too, I'le be that glass
this once, Look

Look in mine eyes, and thou shalt finde it there;
look in my face, see if I do not blush.

Au. Madam I see no other blushes there,
but such as *Aurora*, such as the blushing Rose,
or Beauty's self wo'd wear.

Du. 'Tis very good,
I am glad you are so courtly yet.—
Ay me! what can be secret in a Lover,
when their own blushes,
their own loves discover?
learn learn *Aurindo*, if yet thou dost not know,
when ever thou hear'st one sighing so,
or seest them blush, 'tis onely for Love.

Au. What's that?
nothing but
affected ignorance can secure me. } *Aside.*

Duc. Nay, if thou knowst not, thou canst not
how delicious a thing it is to love, (imagine
and be belov'd; nor yet how great a pain
it is to love, and not be lov'd again.

Au. I know it alas! but too too well unto
my grief. How she goes driving me } *Aside.*
farther and farther still into the toyles
will inextricably intangle us both, and how
to avoid it I do not know.

SCENA, 4.

The Duke enters and ſtarts back ſeeing them together.

Duk. Ha!

Au. Madam my Lord the Duke.

Duc. He here!

Au. Never was poor condemned wretch awaiting every hour his execution, more glad of his reprieve, then I am now of mine. (ſhame,

Duc. That he ſhud come when I'd half paſt the which now is wholly to begin again? —— He looks as he were jealous too, to ſee us here together.

Duke. I like not this privacy, but the liberty of reprehenſion's loſt, when we our ſelves are guilty once, of that we'd reprehend in others.

Duc. My Lord I know not whether I ſhu'd more wonder or rejoyce, to ſee you return'd ſo ſoon; you ſaid you went a hunting, and what ſudden accident has made you leave the Chaſe ſo ſoon?

Duke. Nothing, nothing, (*Enter Prince* onely I cod finde no Game.

Prince. 'Tis true, and I'm

glad

glad you were frustrated as well as I. (*Aside.*

(*Enter Anthenor and Leontius.*

Duc. I must dissemble
O my deareſt delight of my delight,
joy of my joy, how do I love your ſight?
how jealous? how fearful I am of every thing?
the ground's too hard (me thinks)
you tread upon, the air not ſoft enough
you breathe; and as oft as any one
looks on you, methinks they uſurp a right
and priviledge belongs to me alone,
I mean thee *Aurindo.* (*looking towards him.*

Duke. This is diſſembling,
and I muſt diſſemble too; (*Aside.*
and I my deareſt when th'art abſent dye,
to think what happineſs, what felicity
they enjoy, enjoy thy preſence; and what delight
th'are depriv'd of, are depriv'd of thy ſight.

(*Enter Cleora and Olinda.*

Pr. He means *Erminia* I'm ſure.

Leo. Hei day! here's brave courtſhip now;
where ſhall you finde a married couple, and
married ſo long too, ſo kind and complemental?
this in a Gallant to his Miſtris, wod
ſhew handſomly now; but in a husband to
his wife, looks as ridiculouſly as
to complement with ones ſelf.

Ant. I, but there's more
in it then ſo; 'tis all diſſembling,

rank

rank dissembling, not onely pieces it out
with the Fox's tail, but is all Fox, and stinks;
you may see it plain, for dissimulation
whilst 'tis solicitous to do enough,
most commonly over do's; and through its care
to conceal its self, but discovers it self the more.

Pr. Pray who was this Duchess
before he married her?

Ant. Why, a Lady he married in second nuptials
onely for her beauty, the frailer part of woman.
and that which men are sooneſt cloy'd with,
which yet she cunningly seasons so,
she keeps him alwayes in fresh appetite;
and there's nothing but my deareſt,
and my deareſt with them.

Leo. See, see, how the Ladies flock
about the Page?

Ant. I, this yong and handsom is a bait
catches women as fast as *nux vomica* do's crows,
and intoxicates them much alike too.
The modester sort of them,
use men as they do Lions,
play with them when they are young,
but grown old once, th'are afeard of them:
and if the Page be modeſt too,
let him look to himself,
for they'l try what mettle he's made of.

Leo. Marry, heaven defend! (*Aside.*
for they'l soon finde him a counterfeit

Cleo.

Cleo. Fye, fye, you must learn more boldness, this modesty's vertue ith' Countrey, but vice ith' Court; come to our Chambers we'l read you a Lecture of it, 'tis here, one of the Liberal Sciences.

Ant. A my conscience he's a Maid still, you may see by's blushing.

Scena, 5.

Amynter, Duke, Dutchess, Prince, &c.

Duk. Amynter! welcom, welcom brave Soldier, 'twas rumour'd *Cleander* was return'd; and now I see 'twas but half false, since you t'one half, of him are here, and where's your other half?

Am. Great Sir yet he's not come, but will be shortly here; mean time by these he kisses your Highness hands, with full information oth' state of your affairs.

Duke. W'are glad to hear from him, and shud be much more glad to see him

Prin. I'm sure you would not, nor I neither. (*Aside.*

Duke. And how does our valiant General

Am. As he do's alwayes Sir in time of war, sowing you battles, and reaping you victories, which now the war's past, and glorious harvest done,

he's

he's binding up in ſheaves to bring you home.

Duk. Let's ſee what he writes. (*The Duke reads.*

Duc. Amynter y'ar welcome home. } *Am. kiſſes the Ducheſs hand, then the Prin.*

Pr. And take my welcom too.

Duc. Tyrannous honour! cruel greatneſs! as if we were great onely to be miſerable, and put on ſtate, but to put off our ſelves; they may converſe freely with *Aurindo* now, without all fear of this mans talk, and that mans jealouſie, no honour loſt: whilſt I with all my greatneſs dare to do that the leaſt I wiſh the moſt.— *Cleora, Olinda,* come hither, you were courting *Aurindo* there, I ſaw it well enough: go too, I muſt, have you more modeſt, d'ye ſee.

Cleo. She's jealous, (*Aſide.* and forbids us *Aurindo's* company, as ſevere Mrs. forbid their maids eating thoſe dainties they reſerve for their own tooth and pallat.

Duc. And how d'ye finde him, ha!

Cli. A little baſhful Madam, and nothing ſo bold as Pages are at Court.

Duc. You'l ſoon make him bold enough, if he frequent your company; he has ſome ſecret out-let I fear for his affection, makes him no fuller of it, that uſually overflows

in those of his age; for curiosity
Cleora observe his haunts, and let me know,
d'ye hear?

Cle. I shall Madam.

Duc. I as much suspect
the Dukes over kindness as his want of it;
nor is't so strange in nature, that so
different effects shud from the same causes grow.

Duke. *Cleander* like a valiant Souldier here
recounting his noble actions, writes modestly of
himself, and shuns boast the Cowards valour.

Am. h'as learnt that lesson (sir) i'th school of war,
no language better becomes a souldiers mouth,
then silence of their own praises,
who when they once
are their own trumpets, have never that of fames
to sound them forth; and when from their high
and glorious
atchievements once they fall so low as boast,
the glory of all their actions is lost.

Duke. And have you visited *Erminia* yet?

Am. My duty first perform'd unto your Highness,
next is to visit her.

Duke. Y'ave Letters and
commends from *Cleander* to her?

Am. I have my Lord,
and amongst the rest am to commend unto her
more freedom & courtship; *Cleander* dos not like
her sad and sullen retirement and solitude.

Duke.

Duk. He's wise in't, it shews him not jealous, which men would else suspect; besides it more secures him of her: for women commonly most long for that th'are most debar'd of, and take the restrain away, their longing ceases. Go, remember me to her, and tell her we shall shortly visit her.

Am. I shall my Lord, —
that's it the train was laid for. *Exit.*

Duke. Still eyeing the boy?
of such light sparks as those
your fires are kindled, unextinguishably
inflame the marriage bed with jealousie.
Hark you *Anthenor*, do you observe our Duchess,
not that we suspect her, but onely to
preserve her from suspect; y'are wise I know,
and understand.

Ant. So I've got an office now;
sure his Highness takes me to have more wit
or less honesty then I have, that he
imployes me in spyery,
but I must stretch both a little now,
to serve him.

Duke. Come my dearest,
thus by short intervals we rise from feasts,
onely to return with greater appetite,
let me glut mine eyes with pleasure once agen,
and in full draughts take down the sight of thee,
whilst I can never accord satiety

and fruition together. } *Exeunt omnes.* *manent.*

Scena. 6.

Anthenor, Leontius, Cleora after.

Leo. Again at his complements?

Ant. I and again at his diſſembling, mean time th'are either of them as jealous as neighbouring States, and jealouſie of all vices in old mens is the greateſt; for 'tis not onely jealouſie, but envy too.— And what difference ifaith betwixt a Bawd and Spy now?

Leo. Why th'are i'th contrary extreams, t'one hinders love matters, t'other furthers them; beſides a Spy is a State Bawd, and a Bawd a woman ſpy.

Ant. Nay, if that be all, } *Enter Cleora.* I ſhall love my employments the better for it, & go about it with more chearfulneſs & alacrity; but ſee *Cleora*, ſhe tarries for ſomewhat: and as women alwayes imagine there's ſome ill in all men ſay, ſo we to be quit with them alwayes imagine ther's ſome ill in all they do.— I'le to her,— ſweet *Cleora* if there be any thing wherein I may ſerve you, you know.——

Cleo. What do I know?

that

that y'are more troubleſome and importune,
then Flyes and Waſps in ſummer:
and for your ſervice
y'd beſt ſet up a Bill, or go to the office of
Addreſs, to tell what a ſerviceable man you are,
and amongſt your other good qualities be ſure
you put in your ſhort neck like a roaſted Pig,
your ſmirking and fleering, as much as to ſay,
Who'l laugh at me?
and your ſtubble beard for kiſſing
coſts us more *Pomatum*.— I'de as lief
kiſs thorow a hair ſive.

Ant. I there 'tis now,
your ſmooth fac't boyes carry it clearly away
from us bearded men; and 'tis with kiſſing as 'tis
with bowling,
they love not rough grounds for fear of rubs,
but in a ſmooth Alley they trundle it away,
and ſo I will too, for I've enough of her.

§ *Exit with Leontius.*

Cleo. My Lady ſets me to watch *Aurindo* now,
and though this playing the ſpy in love matters
be no hard task, yet 'tis a tickliſh one;
and I imagine to finde as much
pleaſure and delight in it as they,
who look upon the Game whilſt others play.

Scena, 7.

The Prince, Aurindo, Cleora.

See where he comes and the Prince with him,
I'le ſtand here and ſtretch mine ears upon
the tenters this once to over-hear them.

Aur. It grieves me to ſee him
ſo ſad and penſive, and I'de fain comfort him,
and try whether I can do that for him,
I have more need another ſhud do for me.—
If't may'nt appear too great a boldneſs
to ask your Highneſs, I ſhud deſire to know,
why y'are ſo ſad and penſive; ſure my Lord
it can be nothing but love that makes you ſo,
the gentle companion of every gentle breaſt.

Prin. Th'art in the right boy,
and ſince thou haſt ſeen
ſo far into me; I'le make no difficulty
to declare unto thee all the reſt,
and tell thee who 'tis I love too.

Aur. God of deſire,
now grant it may be I. (*Aſide.*

Pri. Thou knoweſt the fair
Erminia I'm ſure, ſhe who as far outſhines
all other beauties, as the Sun all other lights,
'tis ſhe I love.

Aur. Diſloyal and perfidious, (*Aſide.*

can

can I hear this, and not hate him for it?—
and pray my Lord did you never love before?

Pri. Yes a little at *Argos* once for fashion sake,
but that now is quite forgot,
and my heart by loves fire temper'd to
a delicate softness, has of late receiv'd
another impression has quite effaced that.

Aur. Learn, learn all ye deceived, Virgins learn
what temper false mens hearts are made of, and
how y'are deceiv'd by them.—
And do's she give ear unto your suit?

Pr. Oh no! but is as deaf unto't,
Ulysses to the Syrens cod be no more,
against whose charms
he obstinately stopt his ear,
" and none hear worse then those who will not hear.

Aur. Heaven then is just I see,
and punishes him for's falshood unto me.

Pr. But methinks thou art sad and pensive too,
now I consider it better, and by thy own
rule, I shud guess thou wert in love too.—

Au. Who I? I can assure your Highness,
if I have any love 'tis onely love of you.

Pr. Thanks gentle Boy,
I've alwayes experienc't thee
loving and trusty; and to repay thy trust,
I'le not onely make thee confident of
my love, but advocate too to plead for it
unto *Erminia.*

Aur. Cruel office; and
is't not enough to be undone, but I
muſt be made inſtrument my ſelf
of my own undoing? and if this be the reward
of my faith and love, how wod he reward
my hate and diſloyalty?

Pr. Thou ſhalt to *Erminia* then, *Speaking this,*
Althea will introduce thee, *removing nearer* Cleora.
give her but
this jewel from me, and hark thee,—

Cle. All I can
o're-hear of their diſcourſe, is,
Aurindo is going to *Erminia*,
and *Althea*'s to introduce him; 'tis
enough of intelligence for once,
this goes unto the Dutcheſs. (*Exit.*

Prin. Go, and make me ever
happy. (*Exit.*

Aur. And my ſelf ever unhappy by it,
what ſhall I do? but what a queſtion's that?
thoſe who deliberate have ſome will of their own,
but I have none; with reſolution great
as is my love then, I'le go and plead for him
againſt my ſelf; and though my heart diſavow
all my tongue ſayes, yet it ſhall ſay it, or I'le
diſavow it to be mine; no matter for
the pain I ſuffer, who truly love do know.
" no pleaſure, no contentment is above
" the delightful pain we ſuffer for thoſe we love.

Finis Actus ſecundi.

ACTUS 3. SCENA 1.

Cleander like an Ethiope, Amynter.

The Scene, Erminia's Pallace.

Cleander.

Y'Are ſure the Duke will viſit her.

Am. I'm ſure,
if he love her he'l rather dye then fail;
and if he fails, 'tis ſign he loves her not.

Cle. 'Tis well, make haſte to preſent me to her
I wod be preſent at (then,
their parley and interview;
and what d'ye think? am I ſufficiently
diſguiz'd?

Am. Diſguiz'd! y'ar chang'd, and are no more *Cleander*; *Proteus* was never ſo transform'd:
I, who know you even doubt whether it be you,
& were your thoughts but chang'd as all the reſt,
your ſelf would doubt
whether 'twere your ſelf or no.

Cle. Then do you tell her I'm both deaf and dumb,
that ſo having provided for all without, (that nothing from within may iſſue forth
to betray me, I'le ſhut up the port of ſpeech,
and my thoughts ſhall hold no intelligence with my tongue.

Am. Peace, here comes ſome of the houſe,
you'l ſee how they'l wonder to ſee me here.

SCENA,

Scena, 2.

Althea to them, then Erminia, Clinias, Cleobulo.

Alt. How *Amynter*! my Lords inſeparable companion & boſom friend! O madam, madam, who's here d'ye think? *Er.* Ha, *Amynter*! was it inſtinct or propheſie in thee, to ſay my Lord was come? *Enter Erminia, Clinias, Cleobulo after.*

Alt, I know not, I'm ſure I meant it for a lye; and if it ſhud prove true now, what ſhud I ſay, but I've good luck with lying.

Er. Amynter, to me who never joy'd
ſince *Cleander* went, 'tis twylight
of joy to ſee you;
and ſuch a promiſe of ſeeing *Cleander* here,
as is *Aurora* of ſeeing the day:
and where is he, I ſee him not?

Am. Madam, he ſends you
all health and happineſs,
with the aſſurance he'l ſhortly be here.

Er. Shortly! how ſhortly? all time
ſeems too long,
an hour a day, a day a year,
a week an age, until I ſee him; and
there is no health nor happineſs for me
without him.

Clea.

Clea, Dissembler. (*Aside.*

Am. Mean time by these
he kisses your fair hands, and by me presents
you with this *Ethiope* here, Embleme of his
affection, whose colour can never change.

Er. And I'le keep him as embleme of mine,
what qualities has he?

Am. A more trusty servant
no where lives then he, more valiant, nor more
intelligent, although both deaf and dumb.

Er. What means he now?
you understand his signs.

Am. With all humility he dedicates himself and service t'ye, and vows perpetual faith. (*He bows, kisses his hands, and lifts them up to heaven.*

Er. And now!

Am. He solemnly protests
he'l fight and dye for you. (*He draws his sword, in action of fighting, then sets it to his breast.*

Er. A goodly personage,—
but let me read my Letters,

Alt. Hum! deaf and dumb!
pretty qualities to sit in the chimney corner:
let's see for's dumbness, I like that well enough,
he wo'nt tell tales; and for his deafness too,
'tis no great matter, men naturally understand
what women wod have them do;
were he blinde too,
he'd make the better husband, onely I like not
his colour: But for that all men are black

in

in the dark, and I may chance to try him one of theſe nights.

Cli. And art not thou glad now my Lord is coming home?

Cleo. Why ſhud we be glad fool? we ſhall be onely *Clinias* and *Cleobulo*, a couple of poor ſlaves ſtill; but what a fellow ſervant has he ſent us here? both deaf & dumb! what ſhall we do with him?

Cli. Why, we'l be ſure to put all th' work of the houſe upon him, let him put it off again as well as he can; beſt is we may uſe him as we liſt, he can't complain of us.

Cleo. But is he not too gallant to work do'ſt think?

Cli. We'l make him do it, for all his Gallantry.

Cle. D'ye think he'l ſuffer it? he ſeems a ſturdy piece.

Cli. We'l make him ſuffer it too, for all his ſturdineſs, I'le warrant you.

Cleo. Content then

Er. How's this? he writes me here, he'd have me quit my ſadneſs and ſolitude, and be more free and courtly. If this be his pleaſure, he has ſtrangely chang'd his minde; but I am all obedience, and am not to diſpute but to obey his will:

and

and how has he his health well?

Am. Passing well.
all his malady is onely want of you.

Er. And why is he not his own Physician then?
no wounds I hope?

Am. None dangerous, all he had
are now converted to honourable scars.

Er. But that I fear to trouble you with my
I shud never cease questioning you. (questions,

Alt. Madam the Duke.

Cleo. Now, now.

SCENA, 3.

The Duke, Erminia, Cleander, Amynter, the rest retire.

Am. I will observe them. } *stands conceal'd*

Du. why now the clouds of sadnes ar overblown
y'appear like your self the bright *Erminia*:
So beauty shud appear, chearful and gay,
nature's best ornament, onely the wise
know how to wear, the foolish mar ith' wearing.
And now y'ave elevated again your fair
and long dejected eyes, with hope to see
Cleander shortly here; whilst you cast
them every wayes about to look for him,
I hope a glance at least may light on me.

Er. Your Highness is not to be look't upon
so slightly. *Clea.*

Clea. Now, now it begins.

Er. I look upon you
as my Sovereign Lord and Prince.

Duk. That's at too great a distance, look on me
as one who admires and honours you, and
your lover rather.

Clea. I, there 'tis.

Er. That my Lord
were too great presumption,
and no less impudence, in one already married.

Cleo. She cunningly
holds off to draw him on.

Duk. Think not of that:
marriage of its self is a tye strait enough,
we need not straiten it more
with superfluous nicety;
but let's talk no more of it, ——
I've somewhat to say in private t'ye, but send
that Slave away.

Er. He's both deaf and dumb my Lord,
and's presence can be no hinderance
to what you have to say,

Duk. But he can see though;
and 'tis not fit what we do in private shud
be seen by every one.

Er. 'Tis fit for those
have care of their fames and honors; and for me,
I will do nothing but what I car'd not, though all
the world did see.

Clea.

Clea. I like that answer well,
'tis discreet and modest.
If I shud be deceiv'd in her,
never was man more glad
to finde his hopes true,
then I shud be to finde my fears were false.

Duk. You talk of honor, know Princes are
the fountains of it; and there's none but what
do's flow from them, all's honourable they do,
so is my love.

Er. "Nothing is honourable,
"that is not vertuous too;
make your love so then;
else you might as well
call Vice, Vertue; and Hell, Heaven;
as Lust, Love, and Dishonor, Honor, as you do.
Know my Lord, the acts
of marriage are such, as matrimony it self
(holy as it is) can scarcely make
honourable and lawful; but imagine how
dishonourable and unlawful they must needs be
without it then.

Clea. What a wretch and villain I was
ever to suspect her?

Duk. Come you think you do a high
act of justice now, to be true unto *Cleander*;
but alas you are deceiv'd, justice consists
in equality, and equality there's none;
you shud be true to him, that's false to you.

Er.

Er. Shud any but your Highneſs tell me ſo,
I'd ſay he lyed, moſt baſely lyed:
Cleander falſe?
the Gods, Truth it ſelf
wod as ſoon be falſe as he.

Clea. My own dear dear wife.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, I pitty you,
to ſee you ſo abus'd, and to diſabuſe you; know
Cleander has another Miſtris in *Attica*
he warms with's embraces, whilſt *Erminia*
in her cold bed freezes here!
why ſhud he tarry ſo long away elſe think you,
the wars now at an end?

Er. And is that all
your argument? how ill you argue Sir,
as if gold by th' touchſtone ſhud be rendred falſe,
or men guilty by tiral of their innocence:
abſence is the onely touchſtone
and trial of our loves;
in it we but repeat by heart
that leſſon, which in preſence we learn't before.
And as in preſence of thoſe we love
we are all eyes, ſo in abſence we
are all thought of them; as I,
am of *Cleander*,
and I'm ſure he is of me.

Clea. My deareſt deareſt wife ſtill.

Er. And was it for this you ſent him to the wars.

to

to overthrow your enemies abroad,
at price thus of my overthrow at home?
he's much oblig'd t'ye ſure, and now I ſee
'twas not to honour him, but diſhonour me.

Duk. This will not do,
I muſt try ſome other way.— (*Aſide.*
Come, I wod not force what I might obtain
by gentleneſs.

Er. You wod not? you cannot Sir;—
talk to me of force! ſhud you but offer it,
I'd ſooner kill my ſelf then ſuffer it: } *Draws her knife.*
unhand me as you love my life my Lord,
as you love your own life do; do you not ſee
him look there as he'd kill you preſently,
leſt you deſiſt.

Duke. Ha! the villain looks
terribly indeed, and I'm afeard of him:
Gods and fiends I think conſpire
to defend her from me, and hinder my purſuit,
I'm reſolv'd yet to go on, ſpight of them.—
Farewell, your *Bravo*
ha's ſav'd you this once, make much of him,
but I ſhall finde a time.— (*Exit.*

Er. (*Althea,* where's
this woman? (*Enter Althea.*

Alth. Here Madam.

Er. And why not here?
you muſt be alwayes leaving me alone;

either wait closer, or I shall provide me of those who will.

Alth. Pardon me Madam, when a Lord and Lady are together, 'tis good manners in the waiting-woman, and part of their breeding (I take it) to leave them alone.

Er. Is't so?
go too, y'are grown so impudent of late,
(whatsoere's the matter) y'are quite mar'd agen;
or mend it, or you and I must part,—
look to't. *(Exit.*

Alt. I, say you so?
then 'tis time to look to't indeed. *(Exit.*

Scena, 4.

Cleander, Amynter.

Cle. O friend was ever man more happy in a wife then I am in *Erminia?*
didst observe (for thou heardst all I know)
how she answer'd the Duke?
how she confounded him?
and made even impudence it self to blush,
whilst chastity like a Phenix burnt in her eyes
with anger and indignation at
his unchast purposes, & darted lightning at him.
Oh ye Gods! *Erminia* is as white I see
as is her name or innocence it self.

and

and I'm o'rejoy'd with it.

Am. I joy y'ave found her ſo.

Clea. You wod not have had me jealous now, and ſee what's come on't, without my jealouſie I'd never known thus much.

Am. I am moſt glad
y'ave ſo good iſſue of it, and that jealouſie
its parent's dead that gave it life;
and what will ye do now?

Cle. What! but inſtantly
caſt off my diſguize, and diſcover me unto her—
but ſtay! who's this? more viſitants!

SCENA 5.

Aurindo meeting Althea, Cleander, Amynter.

Am. *Althea*, happily
incountred, I was juſt ſeeking you.

Al. And I'm
glad of it, for I was juſt thinking on you;
and ſee how ones thoughts will come to paſs!
well what's your buſineſs? whatſoe're it be,
y'are like to ſpeed, I can tell you that.

Au. Take heed *Althea*,
that *whatſoever* has a large extent,
and ſhe who promiſes that denies nothing, not
ſo much as her ſelf.

Alt. Well concluded I promiſe you,

y'ave ſtudy'd Grammer and Logick too I ſee,
and want not Rhetorick neither for a need
I'le warrant you.

Au. Indeed and I have need
to uſe my Rhetorick; pleaſe you to help me but
to ſpeech of your Lady.

Alt. Marry come up here,
no wonder indeed y'are grown ſo dainty!
will no body but my Lady ſerve your turn?
am not I good enough for you I pray?
ſhe's for your Maſter, wod you ſhud well know.

Au. And 'tis from him I deſire to ſpeak with her
who recommends him to you by this jewel.

Al. A noble Prince he is, I'le ſay that for him,
and bounteous and liberal withall,
y'ave few ſuch Princes now adayes: he was
in a great fright (ſo were we all) when he
was laſt with my Lady.— Well, did my Lord
but know how I labour for him.——

Clea. He knows it, and
thou ſhalt know he does too. (*Aſide.*

Au. Well hark then!

Clea. Hell and confuſion! d'ye hear
how ſhe'as been viſited? I'm juſt like a marriner
newly eſcap't one ſtorm, and even arriv'd
unto the port, when by another, he's
driven to ſea again, in greater danger then ever
he was before: the Prince viſit her,
and handſome boyes? to be rid of my jealouſie,
O th'

O th'Duke is nothing; for what avails it one
h'as many thorns prick him, for easing of his pain
to have one pluckt out, and all the rest remain.—
I'm as jealous as e're I was before. (*Exit.*

Au. Well, though my Lady be in ill humor now,
and very stanch of her visits (as they say)
for the Princes sake yet, I'le try what I can do;
and for your self, though I've partly made a vow
never to marry, I know not yet how I
shud be tempted, shud you offer to marry me.

Au. But I'le never tempt you I'le promise you.
yet for my Lords sake I must humor her; (*Aside.*
and dear *Althea*, for my part I promise you,
if ever I marry any woman it shall be you.

Alt. That's some comfort yet,
I'de fain have somewhat in hand though,
to be doing with; but come I'le bring
you to my Lady.

SCENA, 6.

The Dutchess Cleora, Althea after.

Duc. And are you sure
he went to *Erminia's*?

Cle. Sure Madam 'twas so appointed,
and *Althea* was to have the introducing him.

Duc. Did I not tell you
he had some secret haunt?

I knew it I, there's no deceiving me.——
See this dissembling boy, you shall sooner finde
Spring without flowers,
and Autumn without fruit,
then without loving thoughts, a youthful minde,
'tis the proper fruit, and flowers of the season.

Enter Althea.

Al. So I have brought him to my Lady,
who was nothing nigh so much offended and
surpriz'd with it as I imagined.——
Who's here the Duchess?

Duc. And *Althea* too
must be their Bawd! that old Hag, that Witch,
go seek her out, and bring her hither strait;
if she conceal their secret meetings,
tortures shall inforce it from her.

Alt. Ha! she has heard
it seems of the Dukes visiting my Lady,
I'd best confess it e're she put me to the torture;
I'm melancholly enough to lye in bed alone,
and apprehend this lying on the rack
a far more melancholly business; besides
I know not how my bones
will hold out, beshrew me.

Cleo. She's here Madam.

Al. Indeed I must confess, *Speak this trembling.*
and't like your Highness he visits my Lady some-
times.

Duc. Oh do's he so!

Alt. But I can't help it,

there's

there's no keeping him out.

Duc. Is he ſo hot upon it?

Alt. But this I can aſſure your Highneſs, 'tis much againſt my will and againſt my Ladies too.

Duc. Worſer and worſer, I cod pardon him to prefer her love to mine; but to prefer even her neglect unto my love, is ſuch an indignity, ſuch a neglect of me I never ſhall forgive.

SCENA, 7.

The Duke Anthenor, Ducheſs, &c.

Duke. Gone after him d'ye ſay?

Ant. I can aſſure your Highneſs,

Duke. Why this is fine, very fine,— but ſee ſhe's here.

Duc. I'm glad I've found his haunts yet, now he goes to *Erminia's* ſtill, (I ſee when he makes ſuch haſte from me.

Duke. How comes ſhe to know that? I'de beſt make no ſecret then of what ſhe knows already, leſt ſhe ſuſpect ſome farther ſecret in't, more then ſhe knows.— Well, what if I viſit *Erminia* ſometimes? 'tis but to comfort her in her ſolitude and ſadneſs in her husbands abſence.

Duc. Ha!
this is a discovery I lookt not for;— (*Aside.*
'tis well my Lord y'are very charitable
to other mens wives in their absence, & give me
example what to do when you are absent
with other womens husbands too;
and is this your going a hunting? I'm glad I faith
I know what Game it is you chase. *Exit.*

Duke. What have I done?
betray'd my self? this is this foolish conscience
makes us do such poor ignoble things,
a noble spirit wod be asham'd of;
she's gone inrag'd,
and rage that in petty bosoms, as winds
in narrow brooks, makes small commotion;
in mighty ones raises as fearful storms,
as boisterous winds in the vaste Ocean:
no matter, let her go, if *Erminia*'s name
can raise a tempest, I have an exorcisme
of *Aurindo*'s can allay it again;
nor will I desist— "the bold and resolute,
"when checkt and reprehended for their faults,
"grow more licentious, and devoid of shame,
"onely the weak and timerous refrain. *Exit.*

} *manet Althea.*

Al. I'm glad she's gone, and I safe here, I was
in a terrible fright;—
for her calling me Bawd it never angred me,
it's no disgrace to a waiting woman; but

to

to call me old Hag! ——

Scena, 8.

Erminia, Aurindo, Althea, Cleander, Amynter.

Er. Prithy good boy no more,
pitty so much handsomeness, shud be
so unhandsomely imploy'd;
and so much good language and eloquence
cast away upon so bad a cause;
find out somewhat wherein I may do thee good,
and I shall gladly do it;
but I shud do thee harm,
to make thee complice of anothers ill.

Au. She instructs me excellently, & her kindness
invites me to discover my self unto her;
& somewhat here bids me accept the invitation:
who knows? she may be so nobly generous
to help me in my love.
hinder me I'm sure she cannot.
I'le try, 'tis but my blushes lost,
and in a better cause I cannot lose my shame.—
Noblest of Ladies, whilst I discover t'ye
a secret you'l sooner wonder at, then believe,
to take from your wonder,
and adde to your belief,
be pleased to behold this Portrait here. { *Gives her her Portrait.*

What's

Er. What's this?

Clea. How! taking preſents?
nay then ſh'as ſold her ſelf,
and is no longer mine;
and whiſpering! womens ſhames
go always with their whiſpers: howcloſe they ar,
as he were pouring out himſelf
into her ear, as ſhe inclines her ear,
as ſhe were careful nothing ſhud be loſt: —
now h'as told her ſomewhat that tickles her; —
now ſhe looks on's preſent, now on him agen,
as ſhe were begetting babies in his eyes,
Preludiums, and images in little
of procreation. 'Tis good, 'tis very good,
I ſee you, but you ſee not the revenge
I'le take for it.

Er. Is't poſſible!
comparing what I hear, with what I ſee,
I can no wayes doubt the truth of what you ſay;
I've ſeen your Portrait formerly, and wonder,
comparing it with you now,
I knew you not before.

Ar. You ſee Madam
how your ſweet goodneſs has imboldned me
to the diſcovery of a ſecret to you
I ſhud have conceal'd
even from mine own boſom, if
it had been poſſible.

Er. And I ſhall keep it as ſafe

as

as your own bosome,
sweet *Cyrena* assure your self.

Cle. See, she even embraces him by heaven!

Au. Beseech you Madam call me *Aurinda* still, and shew some kindness to the Prince, when next he visits you; lest he suspect I have neglected his commands, and had more care of mine own concern, then his.

Er. For your sake I'le do any thing, I may in honour do; and I hope sweet friend e're long to let you see you not deceiv'd your self, in trusting me.

Au. Dearest Madam, my ravishment is so great, my joy must needs burst forth
in some expression, or I shall burst my self:
here then before I go
I make a solemn league of friendship with ye,
and seal it with my breast.

{ *They embrace, and depart severally.*

SCENA, 9.

The Duchess enters, and sees them embracing. Cleander. Amynter.

Cle. By heaven I'le kill them both. { *offers to draw.*

Am. Fie fie be more advis'd and temperate. { *Closes with him, and leads him out.*

Duc. Unparallel'd impudence!

embrace

embrace in publique! the very action
of coupling! no ſtrumpet loſt to ſhame
and abandoned to infamy, wod e're have don't:
I burn no leſs with rage and jealouſie,
then they with luſt; and the fire of my love
is quite extinguiſht by't, as greater fires
extinguiſh leſſer ones.
I'le be reveng'd on both,
for her I now do loath her
worſe then a Toad or Snake;
and for him, ungrateful as he is, I'le let him ſee
ſince he wod not have me for a friend,
what 'tis to have me for an enemy.

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS, 4. SCENA, 1.

The Prince, Aurindo; ſeveral wayes.

Prince.

Aurindo welcome, I have awaited thee
juſt as the trembling priſoner at the bar
ſuſpended 'twixt hope and fear, awaits his doom,
and what is't ha? doſt bring me life or death?

Au. Life, life, aſſure your ſelf my Lord,
or elſe I ſhud not live to tell it you;
had rather dye my ſelf a hundred times

then

then bring you death.

Pri. Thanks gentle *Aurindo.*
I know thou loveſt me.

Au. You know nothing yet
compar'd to what I hope you'l know e're long.

Prin. Well haſt' been there?

Au. I have my Lord.

Pri. And how didſt finde her, ha?

Au. Beyond expectation kinde,
ſhe hearkened to me, and that
is half conſent, and th'other half y'are to
expect e're long:
well I ſay nothing but
there are thoſe in *Miſſena* here,
who love you, dearly love you;
I can tell you that my Lord,
though I am ſworn yet not to tell their names.

Pr. Come prithy tell me.

Au. Let it ſuffice 'tis one
you'd leaſt imagine, one you'l ſhortly know,
and I hope be happy in her knowledge too.

Pr. Enough, enough, I know then it is ſhe,
for there's none elſe in nature can make me
happy, but *Erminia.* O my dear *Aurindo*
how thou obligeſt me, with thy joyful news!

Au. Happy conjuncture! } *Embraces him.*
bleſt moment! that it wod alwayes laſt,
or that the heart did but go now with th' hands
that thus embrace me. (*Aſide.*

Pr.

Pr. Never was Prince more happy in a Page, then I in thee.

Au. I hope your Highneſs e're long will finde it ſo indeed.

Pr. More, more I prithy, more of *Erminia.*

Au. See here comes company.

Pri. Lets withdraw then to my apartment, and there I'le take th' Ambroſick food into mine ear.

SCENA, 2.

Cleora, Olinda.

Cleo. Tell me *Olinda*, wert thou ever in love.

Olin. Yes faith a little once for faſhion ſake, as much as came to jeaſt, and methought 'twas pretty ſport; but never in earneſt I, to make me whine and cry, leave my meat, break my ſleep, and be melancholly and mad as my Lady is.

Cle. Thou wert the wiſer; for love indeed is but a ſort of madneſs: and as you have ſeveral ſorts of mad folks, ſo you have of Lovers; ſome ſad, ſome merry, ſome milde and gentle, ſome raving and furious agen; and for theſe, the *Pazzarello* was well invented, whither ſhortly my Lady muſt be ſent I think; for

for she's mad, outragious mad against *Aurindo*, and has accus'd him to the Duke, for offering to ravish us.

Ol. I wod he had faith.

Cle. And see she comes, and the Duke with her.

SCENA, 3.

The Duke, Duchess, Leontius, Anthenor, &c.

Duc. Beseech you my Lord, banish him the Court.

Duke. Well we shall think upon't.

Duke. It is a shame to suffer him here, is not content to deboish himself, but seeks to deboish the Prince too.

Duk. Well, well.

Duc. Nay what's more, h'as not onely attempted the honour of my women here, but even attempts the honour of *Erminia* too.

Duk. Hat do's he so? nay then we will not onely banish him the Court, but City and Country too; let it be strait proclaim'd.

Ant. D'ye mark how that heats him, he was cold before?

Leo. I do.

Duc. I will not tell you how insolent he was to tempt even me my self, not to expose his life to danger, and my honour too;

that

that he shud dare to do it, and hope to live!

Leo. His life thirsted after too, nay then I see
nothing's more insatiate
then women in their love, or in their hate.

Duk. Though for's insolency I confess
he deserves to dy, yet in regard of's tender years
so thou my dearest beest content,
I am content to spare his life.

Duc. Our sex is soft and gentle,
as it becomes us to be merciful;
but think my Lord whe'r't becomes you or no,
and't may'nt appear in you, too great neglect
both of my honour and your own.

Leo. Then I see no Tigress, nor Lioness,
nor Aspick trod on, is more fell and cruel,
then cruel women.

Duk. Content thy self dearest with
his banishment, we would not kill, where we
might safely spare.

Duc. Mistaken clemency!
misplaced goodness! "who spare the guilty are
"cruel to th' innocent; best tarry till h'ave
left nothing in the Court inviolate,
even to the Royal bed; nay till his lust
like a violent spreading torrent overflows
and involves *Erminia's* honour too,
gaining her the dishonourable repute
of a foul Strumpet, and base Prostitute.

Ant. That's a killing blow put home,

poor

guard thee well *Aurindo*, or th'art but dead.

Duke. Now I see thou prosecutes him for the publique interest, not thy private one, and hat'st the crime and not the person; I thank thee my deerest, and applaud thy zeal of justice in't, it is resolv'd he dye: let him be apprehended strait.

Le. This must be prevented. *Exit hastily.*

Duke. Now my deerest art thou satisfied? If thou beest,
appease thy anger, serenate thy minde,
and in thy cabinet expect thine own desires
and wishes alwayes to attend thee. —
§ *Leads her to the door.*
Now to the rest of our affairs,
where's that shipwrackt souldier lately return'd from *Attica*, call him to us strait, we'l take the scruple of marriage out of *Erminia*'s breast, that w'are resolv'd come what will of the rest.

SCENA, 4.

Leontius, Aurinda.

Leo. Fly, fly Madam,
all the Court is up in search of you,
and busie danger threatens and surrounds you on every side, just like the hunted Dear
when th' hounds are uncoupled, & the hunt is up:

for heavens Love haſte,
I've told you what you ſtand accuſed of.

Au. And if I wod compound
with danger, I eaſily cod clear my innocence,
but I'le keep that now for my laſt reſerve;
mean time I'le to *Erminia's*, and ſhelter there,
to whom can I better owe my life then her;
to whom I hope ſhortly to owe all
my joy of living?

Leo. Quickly, quickly then,
and as ſecretly as you can.

SCENA, 5.

Clinias, Cleobulo.

Cle. Well *Clinias*, and how d'ye like the Moor our fellow ſervant?

Cli. Why, as thou wodſt
a ruſty jade, wod not ſtir a foot for thee;
and when thou ſpur'ſt him, and puts him to't,
capers, rears an end, throws thee,
and breaks thy neck.
Uds ſo, we were deceiv'd in him; (him,
we thought to put all the work of the houſe on
and we may do't our ſelves for ought I ſee,
and thank you too. You may command a poaſt
as well as him, and he's ſo ſturdy too,
a poaſt will ſtir aſſoon as he.

Cle.

Cle. He does not underſtand you perhaps.

Cli. I know not, but I'm ſure
I underſtand him but too well:
I gave him a broom to day, and pointed him
where he ſhould ſweep,
(this now was plain enough one would imagin)
and what did he, but 'ſtead of ſweeping, lay
me over the pate with it, and ſo he ſerv'd me
with a fire ſhovel another time;
he'l carry no coals I can tell you.

Cle. Will he not?
But I'le make him, and h'ad as good eat them too
as refuſe to do what I command him; ſuch
as he like Nettles, handle them gently, and
they ſting you; but you ſhall ſee how I'le handle him,
like a good Water Spaniel
I'le make him obey my beck,
& fetch & carry when I'd have him, & make him
do tricks like an Ape e're I have done with him;
& ſee here he comes, like your baboons & drills,
he wo'nt ſpeak, becauſe he will not work:
but 't ſhall not ſerve his turn. — mark.

SCENA. 6.

Cleander, Clinias, Cleobulo, Amynter to them.

Cli. D'ye mark? ther's all I can get of him; you may command, { *He points Cleander one way, & he points him the other.*

and do it your ſelf for him.

Cleo. But I'le make him do it, if he will not.—
How now Sirra? — } *Takes him by the ſhoulder, and Clean. takes him by the throat.*
O *Clinias Clinias,*
help me:
plague on him he gript me worſe
then a Hawk do's his Quarry, and I'd as lief
fall into a Lions claws as his.

Cli. What think you now?
like a good Water Spaniel he obeys your beck,
and do's tricks like an Ape for you, 'tis only you
know how to handle him now. ——

Cle. The Devil ſhall } *Enter Amynter.*
handle him for me if he be ſuch an one.

Am. How now, what's here to do?

Cli. Nothing, nothing my Lord.

Am. You have been vexing the Moor I ſee by (him.

Cleo. No indeed forſooth,
h'as rather been vexing us.

Am. Go too, leave him, & about your buſineſs,
or your Lady knows of it. (*Exeunt Clin. & Cle.*
Now friend, how goes affairs?

Clea. Oh worſe and worſe!

Am. I hope you have diſcover'd
no other haunts?

Clea. No no,
and of the Dukes I am ſecured too;
but the Prince's, the Prince's ſtill depends,
and that boy, that villain boy! — Oh friend!

the

the chafed ſea baited by all the winds,
till it be all a tempeſt and a foam,
was never in more trouble and agitation,
then is my breaſt;
and that may return to its former calm again,
but never I unto my former reſt.

Am. What will you do then?

Clea. Nay if I knew that,
my minde wod be at eaſe,— but this is your
fault now, put me off the reſolution
of killing them, who now am juſt like one
has ſo long differ'd cure of a deſperate ill,
till the danger grows greater,
and cure more deſperate.

SCENA, 7.

Erminia, Aurindo, Cleander, Amynter.

Er. Fear not *Aurindo*, here you are more ſafe,
then in your innocence, for that I ſee
may be violated, but my cabinet ſhall never be
I hope; there you may ſecurely reſt your ſelf,
till the danger's o're; and whilſt you reſt you
all my buſineſs ſhall be to think, (there,
how to remedy your Love as well as fear.

Aur. Bleſſings, ſuch as Saints, in their extaſies
do wiſh, and pray for, (Madam) reward you
for your excellent goodneſs.

Er. "Good deeds beſides themſelves

need no reward. —I will not truſt my woman,
but for your more ſecurity
will lock you up my ſelf.
Aur. You are my Angel-guardian, & as I fear
no danger ſo long as I am here,
ſo I hope all good from your protection.
Clea. So there's proviſion
of luſt now ſtor'd up for night;
but I may chance mar their banquet. —

SCENA, 8.

The Duke, Dimagoras, Erminia, Cleander, Amynter.

Duk. There, there ſhe is, do as I've commanded you,
and expect our favour and reward:
I muſt not be ſeen in it. *Exit.*
Er. Who's this, do's any know?
Dim. Pardon Madam my bold intruſion,
I'm a ſouldier lately return'd from *Attica*;
have had the honour long to ſerve ith' wars
under *Cleander*, our noble General.
Er. Do you know him *Amynter*?
Am. I have often ſeen him ith' Army Madam.
Er. Then y'are welcome Sir,
you can tell me news of my Lord perhaps.
Dim. Alas Madam 'twill be but
unwelcome news that I can tell you. —
Er. O my divining ſoul! what is't?

Dim.

Dim. I cod wiſh I had a tongue
in thouſand infoldments of ſugred ſpeech
cod wrap up my bitter news; —
or whilſt I wounded you with grief of it,
with oily words cod cure the wounds I made;
or rather indeed I had no tongue at all
to tell you *Cleander*'s dead.

Er. Dead!

Dim. Drown'd in his return from *Attica*.

Clea. How's this? this is pretty!

Er. Cleander drown'd!
my Lord and husband drown'd!
tell me, Oh tell me quickly how! and let
thy fatal tongue finiſh the deadly work
it has begun, and kill me quite.

Dim. The treacherous windes
with flattering gales intic't him firſt from ſhore
into the midſt of the vaſte *Egean* Sea,
e're they declar'd their treacherous intents
of drowning him; when firſt in ſoft whiſpers,
then loud murmurs, they conſpir'd to raiſe
a furious ſtorm:
the abyſs, the ſeas and skies, all mixt in one
diſmal Chaos, and horrid confuſion,
ſurrounded with all theſe horrours,
the fear of death, far worſe then death it ſelf,
onely *Cleander* fearleſly did ſtand,
beholding death with the ſame countenance
at ſea, he was wont to behold it on the land;

till long ſtruggling againſt the ſtorm in vain,
at laſt loudly invoking *Erminia*'s name,
he and the Bark periſht together:
wod I had done ſo too,
rather then to have been preſerv'd alone,
whilſt all elſe periſht, to bring this news I do.
Er. Ay me! then I have liv'd too long. *(ſownds*
Am. Help, help.
Clea. Ha, ha, ha,
leave her, and ſhe'l ſoon leave her ſwooning, no
woman e're ſwounded when ſhe was alone.
Exit.
Am. Why Madam, Madam, what mean you?
to dye for a falſe report; *Cleander* lives,
upon my life he do's.
Er. I, in the other world,
whither I'le ſoon follow him.
Am. Nay in this;
and if I ſhew you him not here
alive before next ſun, let my life and honour
or whatſoever elſe I hold moſt dear
pay for my abuſing you.
Dim. Wod I had had no tongue
rather then t'have bin author of this falſe report
Er. Do'nt you delude my grief now,
and flatter me into hope?
Am. As I hope for life my ſelf,
I tell you true.
and this ſouldier ſhall confeſs as much.—

I had ſome glimmering of the Duke, and ſuſpect
his hand in this.— Hark ye *Dimagoras*,
(for ſo as I remember you are call'd)
I know this news is falſe, and ſtraitwayes cod
diſprove it if I wod; I know too you
were hir'd to't by the Duke, confeſs the truth,
do like thoſe better witches, who undo
the harms th'ave done;
you ſee her life's in danger,
which you by timely diſcovery may ſave,
and gain far more reward for't, then you have.

Dim. But ſhud the Duke know it.—

Am. Which he ſhall never do.

Dim, Beſides mine honour.——

Am. The very thought of that
ſhould prompt you to it.

Dim. Then with your pardon Madam,
I confeſs *Cleander* lives,
& I was hir'd by the Duke to report him dead,
I know not for what intent.

Er. Neither becomes it you to examine it,
onely know it becomes a Souldier
to do nothing diſhonourably,
and nothing can be more, then baſely lye;
but you have well repented, and there's for
your confeſſion of the truth,
ſo honour ever guide you.

Dim. As it ſhall
to ſpeak all honour of you. *Exit.*

Al.

Al. Oh me! my Lord, my Lord, { *Enter Althea.*
what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?

Am. Why, prithy hold thy peace,
and leave thy howling and caterwawling, thou
cryeſt only for faſhion ſake now I know, & wod
thou hadſt but a glaſs to ſee how ill it becomes (thee.

Alt. Wod you ſhud well know,
I can cry as well as e're a woman in *Miſſena*,
ſo I can.

Am. Thou muſt hold thy water
well beforehand then,
but prithy do'nt change thy crying into ſcolding (now.

Alt. Scold, who ſcolds?
I ſcorn it ſo I do.

Am. Wilt thou hold thy peace then?

Alt. Why may'nt one ſpeak I pray?

Am. Again?
twenty Pies and Jayes taken in lime-twigs,
keep not ſuch a noiſe and chattering,
as one woman when ſhe ſets upon it once.

Er. The Duke put ſuch tricks on me!
I'm glad I know it yet.

Am. And ſee he's here Madam.

Er. I am prepar'd for him.

SCENA, 9.

The Duke, Erminia, Amynter, Althea, &c.

Duk. So now this punctillio of marriage ta'ne away,

I hope to finde her
no more ſo ſcrupulous.— (*Aſide.*
Underſtanding of your misfortune Madam,
and the general misfortne of us all,
I'm come to comfort you for *Cleanders* loſs,
and to aſſure you, you ſhall finde in me
all you have loſt in him; I'le be
in place of husband to you.——

Am. I believe you would. (*Aſide.*

Duke. Ceaſe mourning then,
and reckon your loſs among
thoſe remedileſs misfortunes can never be
remedy'd with mourning.

Er. Your Highneſs highly honours me;
but comfort (my Lord) 's a work of time:
firſt we muſt grieve, e're we be comforted;
there are certain decencies of widdow-hood,
which for widdows to neglect,
is to neglect their fame:
many a ſhowre of tears muſt fall firſt, and
many a guſt of ſighs blow over, e're it
clear up again.
In fine, comfort's the phyſick
of grief and ſorrow, and no feaveriſh body in
Criſis of their Feaver takes phyſick: that once
all the comfort becomes or me to take, (over,
or you to give, I willingly ſhall admit;
mean time I leave you, and humbly beſeech
your Highneſs to leave me to my grief.

Duk.

Duk. Peace to your thoughts *Erminia*,
nor ſhall I ever take that peace away
by any act of mine; ſo recommending to you
a moderation of your grief and ſorrow,
I take my leave,—this is ſome comfort yet. *Exit.*

Er. He's gone, and I but dally with my grief,
fancying *Cleander* not dead,
whilſt no other difference is
'twixt death and abſence, but onely this;
t'one's a ſhort death, t'other a long abſence; ſo he
whilſt abſent for the time is dead to me;
and abſence for the time
zanies death, and imitates it ſo,
t'one can do nothing that t'other does not do.

SCENA, 10.

The Prince, Cleander following him, Erminia, Amynter.

Er. The Prince here too?
deluded by this news, he comes I know,
onely to bring me freſh moleſtation;
and to ſerve *Cyrena*'s end, I'le let him go on
in the deluſion.

Am. Here comes *Cleander* too,
he knows not ſhe knows he is alive,
and I'le leave him in his ignorance,
& ſo perplex him, & ſtrew his way with thorns;
I'le

I'le make him weary of it, and glad at laſt, when he can't go forwards to return back agen.

Pri. Deareſt Madam, if at ſuch a time,
when other widdows griefs are at the heighth,
I come to perſwade you, let yours fall, and take
comfort i'th' place on't: I hope you'l pardon me,
when you ſhall ſee,
I bring you a full comfort, not an empty one
of words onely, whilſt in lieu
of your dead husband,
I come to offer you a living one;
and ſuch an one, 'tmay be no boaſt to ſay,
(adde but your eſteem to't) does every way
equal *Cleander.*—I mean my ſelf.

Er. This falls out happily
to my deſire;— (*Aſide.*
my Lord, although you might juſtly wonder
I ſhud ſo ſoon be comforted, and ſo far forget
my firſt Lord, to accept a ſecond;
whilſt other widdows ſtrictneſs is ſo great,
firſt days of their widowhood, they ſcarce admit
ſo much as the light it ſelf to comfort them,
(the general comforter of all the world)
yet coming in ſo honourable a way
as marriage, I know not what to ſay;
but were I aſſur'd your Highneſs intents
were but as honourable and real.—

Pri. The words and actions of dying men
are not more real I ſwear.

Er.

Er. There are those who love you,
dearly love you (I can tell you that)
though their shames wo'nt suffer them to declare
Pr. And why so? (so much.
Er. To hide their shames then, come but i'th'
dark to night unto my chamber.——
Pr. Enough.
Er. And there
after the holy vows of marriage.——
Pri. I understand.
Er. You shall enjoy her for your wife.——
Pr. Oh me most happy! you overjoy me Madam.
Er. Go then, and do not fail.
Pr. Which if I do,
may I fail to live. *Exit.*
Er. Now for *Cyrena*, she
shall change habits, and vail'd appear like me:
pardon me sacred truth, if in so good a cause
I transgress a little, 'tis not to violate thy laws,
but preserve them from greater violation. *Exit.*
Cle. Why, she's married already.
Am. Can you blame her? believing you dead,
and you letting her go on in the belief.
Cle. No matter, let her go on her way,
I'le go mine.——
Am. And lose your self.
Cle. And trace her through all her wayes.
Am. And erre in all, do'nt you see;
you are just like one, who entring a Labyrinth,
farther

farther he goes, the farther ſtill he ſtrayes;
or one puzzled with tying a *Gordian* knot,
which he can ne're untie.

Cle. How y'are deceiv'd!
I do but as Hunters now, (their way,
who following the Chaſe, minde not ſo much
nor pains they take, as taking of the prey;
and for the *Gordian* knot you ſpeak of, I
know how to cut that which I can't unty.

Am. Had you not better
diſcover your ſelf now, and do that with eaſe,
you can't do elſe, without much toyl and pain,

Cle. Have patience a little.
there are farther myſteries yet I muſt reveal,
e're I reveal my ſelf, eſpecially
that of the boyes concealment.

Am. Of that I'le ſay
nothing, 'cauſe I know not what to ſay;
but for the reſt I dare engage my life,
and ſhud dye martyr in ſo good a cauſe;
ſhe is all honorable, and honor & ſhe are twins,
and ſo alike 'twere no miſtake to ſay,
Erminia is honour, and honour *Erminia*.

Am. Well, to night we ſhall know all,
mean time leaving you in your belief,
leave me in mine. *Exeunt ſeveral wayes.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS

ACTUS, 5. SCENA, 1.

Clinias, Cleobulo.

Clin. WHy, this Moor's a devil,
and now I know the reason
why they paint the devil black of his colour;
he makes no more of beating us, then Squirrils
do of cracking nuts; 'tis his ordinary exercise
before meals to get him an appetite,
and afterwards to help digestion:
we are never quiet for him, but when we sleep,
and shortly I fear he'l fall upon us like
a night mare in our sleeps too.

Cle. I'de compound with him for a limb
with all my heart,
and let him chuse any he pleas'd except my neck.

Cli. Wod I were certain to escape with that,
but you are well enough serv'd now, why wod
you offer to beat him?

Cleo. Why, because I thought
he wod not beat me again, else I'de have seen
him hang'd e're I'de have meddled with him:
well, we must hold together, there is no remedy,
he's too hard for either of us alone, but *Hercules*
himself (they say) is not strong enough for two.

Cli. I, but if he shud prove stronger
then *Hercules*,

what

what then? that old saying wod do us but little light here he coms, I'm as feard of him (good:— as of a bear broke looſe, and running after me, and look every moment when he'l catch me by the breech.

Scena, 2.

Cleander, Climas, Clebulo.

See ſee, he becons us away.

Cleo. But let's not ſtir for him;— yes I'le warrant you, when can you tell?

Cli. Look again.

Cleo. No matter, let us but hold together.

Cli. He comes upon us fearfully, look h'as got a ſtaff too; now for a dry beating, I'm as ſure of it.— *He yoaks his ſtaff croſs theirs necks, & whirls them round.*

Cli. I'le warrant you, oh oh!

Cli. Oh, oh, a my conſcience h'as broke my neck.

Cleo. I think mine's broke too, and pray heaven it be no worſe.

Cli. A vengeance on him, are theſe his tricks? he'l make more work for Surgeons if he hold on, then Brandee wine with Dutchmen in their Kermeſſes; or Stum in Taverns with quarrelſome Engliſh-men, he made me ſpin like a top.

Cleo. And I imagin'd my ſelf a hand-mill grinding muſtard ſeed.

Cli. If he cod ſpeak yet, and give us but a reaſon

for his misusing us, 'twod never anger me.

Cle. For my part I'm glad he's dumb,
for if he cod speak, I'm sure
'twould be but a word and a blow with him.

Cli. Away, here comes my Lady.

SCENA, 3.

Erminia, Cleander, Althea following.

Er. The time draws nigh,
and night approaches, I'le go unto the Princess,
and see if she be dresst yet, I joy to think
how happy I shud be to advance her happiness;
" and there's a secret pleasure in doing good,
" by none but those who do it, understood.

Exit.

Clea. She's gone unto the boy, and I
unknown to *Amynter* will follow her,
and kill them both together; he's of too milde
and too relenting nature for me and my
stern purposes; " and what w'ar once resolv'd to (do,
" wise politicks count it but little wit,
" to confer with those may hinder th' doing it.

Exit.

Alt. So, this 'tis
to be out of favour, I'm excluded now;
and if I prove unfaithful,
she has absolv'd my faith:
nor can she complain seeing she trusts me not,
that I betray her trust:
all rivals jealousies help to revenge me on her,

and

and adde to thoſe mine own revenge to boot,
for threatning to turn me out of ſervice, I'le
ſerve her for't as ſhe deſerves,& tell the Ducheſs
of *Aurindo*'s concealment here, & of the Princes
marriage with her too,
whilſt he reſearcht her onely by my means,
and by gifts and preſents ſought
my mediation, I lov'd him for it,
but hate him now he ſeeks to marry her;
my profit's loſt by't:
& women of my quality, if they be wiſe, (gain,
ſhud count thoſe onely friends, who bring them
and when the gain ceaſes, count them enemies.

Exit.

SCENA, 4.

Erminia, Cyrena in Womans Attire.

Er. So now y'appear like your ſelf the bright *Cyrena* unclouded in all your glories, ſo appears the ſun ſo glorious and ſo bright after a long Eclipſe.

Cyr. Nay now you flatter me.

Er. I wod to heaven men wod believe ſo, 'twod acquit our ſex of envy, and I ſhud eaſily be acquit of flattery, for none can doubt but they muſt be rather envious who praiſe you then flatterers who do. (not,

Cy. Nay if you hold on,
you'l give me a beauty I had not, and make me

Er. I ought rather to bluſh, (bluſh.

you have so little help, but 'twas your desire
for greater secrecy, and secrets lose
their vertue, just like precious perfumes
when once disclos'd,& more th'are hid the more
they conserve their pretiousness.
Pray let me help you, this curle's a little too (long.
Cy. Pardon me Madam.
Er. Beseech you 'tis but my duty,
you are not us'd to these petty things,
and 'tis so long since you saw your self drest,
you and your mirrour } *Speaks all this in*
well may be to seek. } *dressing her.*
Cy. How much am oblig'd
unto you dear *Erminia?*
Er. Deares Madam,
think I was onely born to serve you; where
was the Prince's judgement (I wonder) where
were his eyes? having seen this beauty once,
he cod ever look on any other?
Cy. He might be well excus'd,
having seen yours once, to have quite forgotten (mine.
Er. Mine! alas
'tis never to be seen on the same day with yours,
nor ever so much as to be mentioned with it;
nor do I say this out of complement now,
but meerly out of consciousness of mine own (defects.
Stay a little more, and I have done.
Cy. Sweet *Erminia*,
you make me even bankrupt with your curtesies.

Er.

Er. Sweeteſt Madam, I ſhall think
you tax me with want of it,
if you ſpeak any more of it.

SCENA, 6.

Cleander ruſhes in, Erminia, Cyrena.

Er. What rudeneſs is this?

Cle. Now for my revenge,—ha! what's here?
the boy vaniſht! and a woman in the place!
what ſtrange apparitions are theſe?
what wondrous deluſions of the ſight?
ther's witchcraft in it ſure! } *Stares wildly about,*
I can't believe mine eyes. } *& exit.*

Er. what means this Moor, he's grown ſtrangely jealous of me of late, (whatſoere's the matter) and I begin to be afeard of him.

Cy. I was afeard h'ad come to apprehend me.

Er. Pardon me Madam,
I'm aſham'd you ſhud finde ſuch rudeneſs here,
but truſt to't, you ſhall be put no more to theſe affrights.—
Come pray be merry, if the Prince ſhud chance to ſleep in your arms to night inſtead of mine, I hope your Highneſs wod not be offended at the miſtake.

Cy. Imagine ſweet *Erminia* by your ſelf,
whether you'd be offended *Cleander*
ſhud do the like by you.

Er. I fear my happineſs is not yet ſo nigh,
though I wiſh yours may, ſo now all here's pre-
(par'd,

I'le go and put all in prepare without
for the Prince's reception,& leave you the while
to the entertainment
of your better thoughts. *Exit.*

Cy. As thoſe who walk over fearful precipices
avert their eyes not to behold their danger,
ſo I avert my thoughts
from thinking on mine,only this I find too clear.
'love's a ſolicitous thing,and full of fear. *Exit.*

SCENA, 6.

The Ducheſs, Althea, Cleora.

Duc. Thanks *Althea* for thy intelligence, and
the Duke ſhall thank thee too, go thou before,
and wait to give us entrance, I'le but go
advertiſe the Duke, and inſtantly follow thee.

Al. I ſhall Madam. *Exit.*

Duc. They ſhal not ſteal a mariage in the dark,
I'le light their nuptial Tapers up, and for
Aurindo I'm glad I've found him; I was afeard
h'ad fled my anger, and eſcaped my revenge,
which now he ſhall finde after this little ſtop,
like violent torrents ſtopt,which grow but more
violent after, then e're they were before. *Exit.*

Cleo. She's gone inrag'd, and nothing's more
impetuous then womans rage, no battering Ram
demoliſhing ſton wals to duſt,norviolent thunder
riving whole foreſts,and ſhivering mighty oaks
like ſlender reeds; woe to poor *Aurindo*
muſt ſtand the ſhock of it, – wod I'd ſome body

to

to tell this news to now; no cholick, no ſtrangury, nor pangs of child-birth were e're half ſo painful, as the retention of news, to a woman that longs to be deliver'd of it; and here comes ſome body.

SCENA, 7.

Olinda, Cleora, Anthenor, Leontius following.

Cle. O *Olindo*! haſt' heard the news of *Aurindo*?

Ol. No, what is't?

Cle. He's at *Erminia*'s, and juſt now there's order given to apprehend him.

Ol. Alas!

Cle. But you muſt ſay nothing now.

Ol. Pho, no avaritious body holds money faſter then I do ſecrets you know.
O *Anthenor* have you heard the news of *Aurindo*? } *Enter Anthenor.*

Ant. No, pray what?

Ol. Why he's apprehended at *Erminia*'s, and preſently to dye; the Scaffold's already ſet up for him, but you muſt ſay nothing.

Aut. That's underſtood, now am I bound to tell it the next I meet.

Cle. You keep ſecrets ſweetly, I'le tell you news another time; and you make it more then it is too.

Ol. How wod you have newsmongers live elſe?

Ant. O *Leontius*! have you heard the news of *Aurindo*? } *Enter Leontius.*

Le. For heavens love, what?

Cle. I'le tell it.

Ol. No let me. *They ſtrive.*

Ant. Will you over run me?
why he's apprehended at *Erminia's*,
and inſtantly to dye; he's on the ſcaffold by this.

Cle. See if he have not added more unto it yet?

Le. Nay then, 'tis time to diſcover him,
be th' danger what it will, I'm ſure there can
be no more, then there is in the concealing him.

Cle. Stay, ſtay, and take the news of the Prince along with you.

Leo. I thank you, I have no leaſure to hear it now.

Cleo. I'le tell it you then.

An. Pardon me, I muſt be gone too. *Exit.*

Ol. And I'le to the Preſence with my news. *Exit.*

Cle. She gone too! now am I in no leſs
pain then I was before for ſome body to tell
the reſt of my news to;
thus do's ſhe ſerve me ſtill
when I truſt her with any, all women are leaking veſſels,
and can hold nothing, God help them.
But of all commend me to her. *Exit.*

SCENA 8.

Erminia, Althea, the Prince following.

Er. *Althea* ſtay you here, and when the Prince comes, direct him into my Cabinet, but without light be ſure; I'le in and ſee all the lights extinguiſht there. *Exit.*

Alt.

Alt. I, hide you, do,
caſt clouds of night upon your faults, and you
faſt as you hide them, I'le bring them unto light;
and what you ſeek to keep ſecret I'le proclaim,
till to all the world I've publiſhed your ſhame.—
Enter Prince.
Oh my Lord, y'ar welcom, my Lady expects you
there within, you need no light,
love can finde the way beſt in the dark.
Pr. With thy good directions *Althea*,
there's ſomewhat for thy pains.
Alt. And there's her Cabinet.
Pr. Now to reap the long expected fruit
of all my happineſs. *Exit.*
Alt. Send you a good harveſt of it,
I'le ſend you ſickles enow preſently
to help you, and thoſe will help too, to fetch
it in for you.—*Aurindo*! and the Prince too!
ſhe might have left me one of them at leaſt,
but I'le fit her for it.

SCENA, 9.

Cleander, Amynter following.

Clea. Wod I'd never imbarkt my ſelf upon
this perillous ſea, where 'tis diſhonour to
go back, and aſſured ruine to go on;
to diſcover me now, every one wod laugh at me;
and to conceal me longer, I ſhud run
ſuch deſperat hazard, 'tis horror to think upon—
To marry ſo ſoon a ſecond husband, e're
the

the funeral rites and obſequies of the firſt
are celebrate, no blacks, no mourning, my
memory like a ſhadow gone with my ſelf;
her grief for me not half ſo durable
as other widdows watry colour'd ones,
which onely a tear or two can waſh away;
is this her love of me? then farewel all
my love of her; 'tis ſign the Prince and ſhe
have liv'd before in cloſe adultery,
and will do ſo agen unleſs ſhe dye;
nor leſs h'ad known it formerly, cod he
finde the way now ſo readily to her bed;
ſince I am dead to her then, ſhe ſhall be ſo to me;
and the hour of her marriage
ſhall be her hour of death; (dead,
theſe hands ſhall kill her, theſe eyes ſhall ſee her
though this heart of mine burſt at the ſight of it,
mine honor's ingag'd,& I'm reſolv'd. *Exiturus.*

Am. Now friend, } *Enter Amynter.*
whither away ſo faſt?

Cle. Pardon me, I have
no leaſure to tell you now. *Exit.*

Am. There is ſome myſtery in this haſte of his,
and's great thoughts labour with ſome
mighty birth.——
On what a turbulent ſea has his jealouſie
embarkt him? and ſo embroil'd him as (agen;
without miracle he can never diſimbroil himſelf
and if this be the fate of marriage to be in hell,
of

of loathing, if their wives be foul;
and if fair, in purgatory of jealouſie;
marry who's liſt for me.

SCENA, 10.

The Ducheſs, Duke, Althea, Amynter, &c.

Duc. Where's this great Commandreſs of all
commands as abſolutely as fate it ſelf; (hearts?
this tyrant beauty, that needs onely ſay,
render your hearts, and all hearts muſt obey,
I long to ſee her, let ſome ſeek out the boy,
I'le ſeek out her my ſelf. *Enter Duke.*

Duk. Where's this curious Lady?
in whoſe nice boſom no flowers muſt be worn,
but freſh and blooming buds;
others as overblown
and canker-eaten, ſhe rejects and ſcorns.

Duc. Where is her chamber?

Alt. There.

Duc. What, hoa within there? open the door,
or elſe we'l break it op'. (*knocks.*

Duk. Where is this newly married pair?
let them appear, we come to wiſh them joy.

SCENA, 11.

The Prince, Cyrena vail'd, Cleander the other way.

Pr. Who's that that knocks ſo rudely? ha! the
Duke and Ducheſs; no matter, fear not,
fear not my *Erminia*, for now th'art mine.

Duc. Shame of thy honour, a Prince, and own
a baſe ignoble ſtrumpet for thy wife!

Clea.

Clea. Now now, — how's this? } *Draws to kill*
Cy. I am nor baſe, nor ſtrumpet, } *them when*
but as great a Princeſs as your ſelf, } *ſhe unveils.*
Princeſs of *Argos.* } *Enter Leontius.*

Pr. Ha! *Cyrena*!

Duc. And *Aurindo* ſhe! how was I deceiv'd?

Leo. The Princeſs already diſcover'd!

Clea. Now all of the boy is clear,
but that the news of my death ſhud ſtrike her

Am. Thunder cod not have more (no more.—
ſtruck her you ſaw, till I aſſured her
'twas falſe, and onely invented to deceive her,
when ſhe to aſſiſt the Princeſs in her love
turn'd the deceit on them.

Clea. Enough, enough,
now all have caſt off their vizards,
'tis time to caſt off mine, I'le inſtantly go
and diſcover my ſelf unto her. *Exit.*

Alt. Whither goes the Moor in ſuch haſte I wonder?
I'le after him and ſee. *Exit.*

Pr. Wonder and amazement ſeizes me!

Cy. Wonder not Prince, (now,
nor admire your Page ſhud turn your handmaid
this is the leaſt miracle that love can do;
I am that *Cyrena* you promis'd marriage to
at *Argos*, who have hither to *Miſſena* follow'd you
to claim your promiſe which now y'ave anew

Pr. Miracle of conſtancy! (confirm'd.

com-

compar'd with your goodneſs,
my ill appears ſo great, methinks
no penance can be great enough for expiating it.

Cy. This ſhall be all your penance, and this.
(*Embraces him.*

Pr. And this is the onely one that I deſire.

Duc. Now Madam I hope you'l pardon me,
for putting you to the proof and declaration of
your ſex, which I ſuſpected through your diſ-

Cy. There needs no pardon Madam; (guiſe,
where the offence was to *Aurindo*, not to me.

Enter Althea.

Duk. But where's *Erminia* all this while,
the great Architereſs of all this plot?

Alt. For her you ſhall finde her there within,
in the Moors arms ſtraitly embrac't, (my Lord)
and by this time perhaps in bed together too.

Duc. Was ever a more laſcivious ſtrumpet?

Duk. Where are our Guards?
go fetch her hither ſtrait
with her fair Paramour; ſo foul an act as this
deſerves a publick ſhame and puniſhment,
however in private done.

Cy. *Erminia* thus diſhonour her ſelf, or honour
with juſtice is fled to heaven, and there
is none on earth, or elſe all this is falſe.

SCENA, 12.

Cleander, Erminia guarded, Amynter, Clinias, Cleobulo, &c.

Duk.

Duk. Bring them away, is this the honourable
Lady, nothing cod diſhonour her
above temptation, above ſuſpect? —
no body to ſerve her luſt but a Moor, a ſlave!
& one fitteſt ſhe thought to conceal her ſhame,
'cauſe mute and dumb!
but here are enow beſide to publiſh it;
away with her, & to the gallows with that ſlave.

Cli. Cleo. I, hang him, hang him.

Clea. Stay, rather then her fame ſhall ſuffer,
the mute ſhal ſpeak, & more to evince the miracle
and declare her innocence,
the Ethiope ſhall turn white.

Alt. Cleander! (*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Cli. My Lord, there's none rejoyces more
then my fellow &I, for this your metamorphoſe,
we had as lief ſee the devil, as ſee your black face.

Cleo. We had rather a great deal have you
our maſter then our fellow ſervant,
you don't beat us half ſo much. (pardon

Duk. Noble *Cleander* I muſt demand your
for trying *Erminia's* conſtancy in your abſence,
aſſure your ſelf 'twas done with good intent.

Cle. I ſhall believe it, and conſidering
the proſperous eſtate I've left your affairs in, I
hope your Highneſs will eaſily pardon my return
from *Attica* without your licence.

Duk. I do, and wiſh you
all happineſs with your fair and vertuous wife.

Pri.

Pri. And I the like.

Cle. I humbly thank your Highneſs, and deſire
to be no longer happy then my friend *Amynter*
may be ſo with me.

Er. For you *Althea* (another time
when't may'nt appear revenge as it wod now)
I ſhall intreat you ſeek another ſervice.

Alt. With all my heart,
& I hope your Highneſs then will entertain me.

Duc. Not I; you who wod be falſe to her,
will never be true to me.

Alt. Well, my comfort is,
though there are no ſervices,
yet there are trades enow. *Exit.*

Clea. Oh my dear *Erminia*!
here let me ever reſt.

Er. And as I gladly receive you here
as the long parcht up earth
do's long'd for ſhowres of rain.

Cy. Think not *Cleander*
ſo wholly to poſſeſs your *Erminia*,
I ſhall alwayes claim a friends part in her.

Cle. She is all yours Madam. (*Embraces her.*
as I alſo, in being wholly hers.

Duk. Here then ends our jealouſie,
ſince *Erminia's* vertue renders me (I'm ſure)
as free from ſuſpect as *Aurindo's* ſex do's you;
but why differ we longer to celebrate
theſe happy Nuptials that unite our States,

but

by th' Acceſſion of *Argos* to *Miſſena*, and
of all *Greece* now makes it the happieſt Land.

Clea. Mean time my dear *Erminia* thy name
ſhall be ſo celebrous in the mouth of Fame,
as often as 'twod praiſe any one;
for Beauty and Vertue it ſhall onely ſay,
th'are like the fair and vertuous *Erminia*.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

WE do confeſs your curioſities
Have purified the Stage, that otherwiſe
Had been all droſs e're this; and nothing there
That might delight a curious Eye or Ear.
And we'ar ſo far from taking of it ill,
We thank you for it, pray be curious ſtill:
So ſhall the Poet, and the Actors too,
In time become as curious as you.
For juſt as Judges by their rigidneſs,
Make men more carefull, and offend the leſs:
So do you, us, ith' Boxes and the Pit,
In whoſe verge chiefly it lies to judge of it.
Do then by this Play as y'are wont to do
By others; if't be bad, condemn it too:
If good, we hope you'l give ſome ſign, that may
Declare your approbation of the Play.

Flecknoe, R.

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